

# The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

No. 495.

Registered at the G. P. O.  
as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1905.

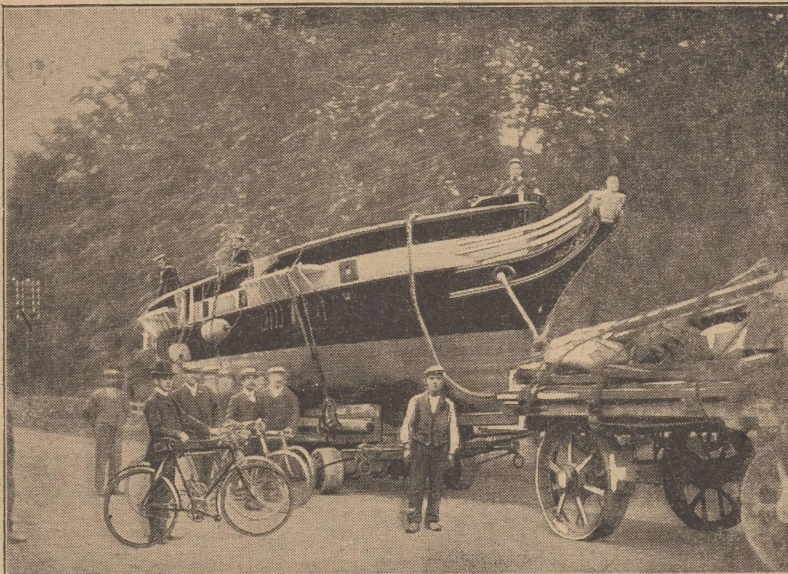
One Halfpenny.

## KING ALFONSO KISSES A PRETTY MARKET-GIRL.



When he visited the Markets at Paris the young King of Spain was formally welcomed in a little speech made by a pretty market-girl chosen by her companions as their representative. At the conclusion of the speech King Alfonso thanked the fair speaker by kissing her heartily on both cheeks, to the delight of the market-women and the intense amusement of everybody around. Our photograph was taken just as the King was about to kiss the girl, and shows well the amusement caused by his good-natured act.

## SAILOR PRINCE EDDY'S NEW FLAGSHIP AND ITS ROYAL BOATMEN GUARDIANS.



The brig King Edward VII., in which the little sons of the Prince of Wales are to receive their first lessons in seamanship, has safely reached Virginia Water, and will probably be launched to-day—the Prince of Wales's birthday. It will then be re-rigged, and in a few days will be ready for its youthful commander. The King's boatmen, of whom we give a photograph, will be responsible for the care of this latest addition to the Royal Navy.







## ENGLAND WORKING FOR PEACE.

Lord Lansdowne Making Efforts to End War.

## BATTLE'S AFTERMATH

Vivid Glimpses of the Great Sea Fight Drawn from Eye-witnesses' Stories.

Very important influences are at work at the present moment (writes the member of Parliament who represents the *Daily Mirror* in the Lobby) with a view to bringing about a termination of hostilities between Japan and Russia.

During the last few days, Lord Lansdowne and the Russian Ambassador have had several interviews on the subject, and yesterday were again closeted together for a considerable time.

At the instigation of his Majesty King Edward, Lord Lansdowne has, I am in a position to state, made it clear, that should there be any reason to anticipate that the good offices of Great Britain, or any other Powers would be welcomed, a formal offer of friendly assistance in bringing about a settlement would at once be made.

The position at the moment is that the Russian Ambassador is in communication with his Government with a view to finding out whether he is justified in encouraging Lord Lansdowne to persevere in his well-intentioned efforts in the direction of peace.

So far as I can learn, the lines upon which discussions are being carried on are that an independent Power should be called in with a view to the nomination of a European Commission, which should have as its principal object the settlement of terms on which a cessation of hostilities can be brought about, and that in the meantime an armistice should be declared at the earliest possible moment.

It is not likely that anything official will be forthcoming for some time, but the mere fact that the Russian Ambassador is communicating with his Government on the subject is in itself a matter of great significance.

Accounts of the great naval battle of the Sea of Japan by actual eye-witnesses are full of thrilling incidents.

Some of the details are arresting in their horror. It is stated that the wounded at least one battleship were thrown overboard in order that their cries should not unnerve the combatants.

The completeness of the Russian disaster is set down in part to their defective guns, and this theory is borne out by the small number of Japanese casualties, which now prove even to fall below Togo's first estimate.

Only 113 officers and men were killed and 424 officers and men were wounded, a total of 537 casualties, instead of 800, as at first reported. The Russian casualties are estimated to number from 7,000 to 9,000.

### WOUNDED THROWN OVERBOARD.

TOKIO, Friday.—It is reported here that in the extremity of the fight the hopelessly wounded on board the Russian battleship Orel had to be thrown overboard, as their agonies were seriously affecting the men working the ship and guns.—Reuter.

### RUSSIA'S FAULTY GUNS.

PARIS, Friday.—The "Journal" publishes the following telegram from Tokio: "The sea fight may be regarded as entirely at an end. A technical point which must not be lost sight of is that the Japanese opened fire at 8,000 yards, whereas the Russians were only able to reply at 6,000 yards. The Russian fleet, in fact, was sunk and cut up piecemeal. As to Admiral Nebogatoff, he surrendered with ships which were but little damaged, simply because he saw that he was overwhelmed by superior numbers."—Reuter.

### TOGO TO THE MIKADO.

TOKIO, Thursday.—Admiral Togo, replying to the Imperial rescript, expresses his appreciation of the Emperor's message, and continues: "That we have gained success beyond our expectation is due to the brilliant virtue of your Majesty, and the protection of the spirits of your Imperial ancestors, and not to the action of any human being. We shall be faithful and answer to the Imperial will."—Reuter.

### BLEW UP HIS OWN SHIP.

The fate of the Izumrud is cleared up in a Central News message from St. Petersburg. Surrounded by the enemy's cruisers, and separated from the Russian squadron, the commander

resolved to make an attempt to reach Vladivostok. He put on all possible speed and made for Vladimir Bay, at which he arrived on the night of the 29th. On the next day, however, the cruiser struck a rock in the darkness. Having only ten tons of coal on board, and in view of the impossibility of getting his vessel off the rocks, the commander disembarked his crew, and having landed them blew up his ship.

### SAVED AGAINST HIS WILL.

The special correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" at Moji has had an interview with Captain Rojinoff, of the lost Nakhimoff, who says:— "We had, indeed, fallen into a bitter trap; it was cruel."

"The Japanese torpedo-boats selected the engine-room of my ship to aim at. A torpedo went straight through my vessel."

"I, together with my navigating officer, determined to share the fate of the ship, and we remained on board to the last. However, my ship immediately sank, and we two were drawn underneath by the suction and whirled about."

### A VERITABLE INFERNO.

Orders had been given that all the Russian ships set on fire were to be sunk by torpedoes.

Several great explosions, the noise of which could be heard above the thunder of the cannon, occurred early in the night's black work.

Many of the Russian ships were disabled; it was a veritable inferno.

By the aid of the searchlights men could be seen running about the decks of the Russian ships, and their crews were evidently in distress.

### MAN AGAINST THE ELEMENTS.

It was, indeed, a sublime spectacle as the great ships moved on, their steel-clad sides washed away by the heavy seas, while the Japanese destroyers were kicking the waves to and fro, and burying their noses in volumes of water. It was man against the elements.

At 2.13 p.m. the Russians fired two shells, but the range was too great, and no damage was done. The Japanese fleet replied, and the cannonading now became fierce.

### FATHER TOGO'S TRICK.

The following is taken from a letter written by one of Togo's captains, translated and published in the "Times":—

"Father Togo, now grey-haired, walks quietly to and fro on the bridge of the Mikasa, and keeps silence, so all will go well. Do you remember the story when he went up to Tokio for the first time since the commencement of this war? Some public school boys were determined to unharness the horses off his carriage. . . . Well, Father Togo got wind of this, and so he sent his Chief of Staff in the carriage, while he walked towards Nijubashi with his little daughter's hand in his. Will he answer another trick upon the poor, unsuspecting Russians when they come?"

### OLDHAMIA MYSTERY.

Where Is the Crew of British Ship Reported Sunk by the Russians?

SHANGHAI, Friday.—There is reason to believe that the crew of the British steamship Oldhamia, reported sunk by the Baltic Fleet off Formosa, were taken aboard a Russian battleship then proceeding towards the Tsushima Straits.—Reuter.

The captain and three other members of the ship's company are reported to have been found on a captured Russian ship and taken to Sasebo.

Nothing, however, has been heard from them, and the fate of the other twenty-eight members of the crew, and of the Oldhamia herself, still remains uncertain.

### LATE WAR ITEMS.

Of the Japanese ships which took part in the battle of Tsushima, the flagship, Mikasa, had the heaviest losses—viz., 63 killed or wounded.

To render the Bravy less visible her commander lowered the mainmast, and during the day painted the funnels white. For want of coal he burned all the wooden parts of the ship.

According to a Sasebo telegram, Admiral Rojensky says he hoped to clear Tsushima Straits in the fog, but a sudden south-westerly gale cleared the fog away and revealed his fleet.

Later reports indicate that the Orel fought with desperate bravery for a day previous to surrendering. The hull was covered with the marks of shells and the guns were smashed and dismounted.

The Tokio municipality organised the celebration of Admiral Togo's victory yesterday. The entire city was decorated with flags and bunting, and exercises and sports were held in Hibiy Park. Mr. Ozaki, the mayor, presided.

All the declarations of the prisoners show that Admiral Rojensky was absolutely persuaded that he had succeeded in deceiving Admiral Togo, and that the bulk of the Japanese forces would wait for him near the northern straits. Instead of this being the case, it was Rojensky who fell into the trap laid for him by Togo.

## MR. BALFOUR AT ALBERT HALL.

Premier's First Appearance After His Illness.

## GREAT UNIONIST RALLY.

London, now grown accustomed to invasions, is now undergoing still another—that of Unionists, of whom 7,900 arrived from the provinces last Thursday to represent their various associations.

Yesterday about 145 of the delegates—chairmen of districts and probable Unionist candidates at the next election—were entertained at lunch by the Constitutional Club.

The climax was reached last night, when 10,000 persons attended the Albert Hall to watch the presentation of a thousand addresses of confidence to the Prime Minister.

It was a most brilliant and enthusiastic scene. The gallery of the hall was decorated with shields and flowers, and exactly opposite the platform on the second tier was inscribed the name of "Balfour," flanked right and left by the world-famed names of "Beaconsfield" and "Salisbury."

### FAIR PARTISANS.

"Peace with honour," "Reform without revolution," and many other party words were inscribed on various parts of the hall.

In the two rows of boxes reserved for the ladies were the Duchess of Marlborough, Marchioness of Londonderry, Lady Iveagh, Lady Llangattock, Marchioness of Zetland, and many other distinguished ladies of the Unionist Party. Miss Balfour's box was beautifully decorated with hanging baskets of flowers and festoons arranged in front.

Functionally at eight the chair was taken by Sir W. D. Fisher, M.P., who was supported on the platform by some 370 members of Parliament and candidates.

The appearance of Mr. Balfour, who still bears signs of his late indisposition, was the signal for the most enthusiastic and deafening applause, and the spirit of the meeting was fanned to a still more glowing heat by Madame Albani's rendering of the National Anthem.

After Sir W. R. Plumer, M.P., had spoken a few words of welcome to Mr. Balfour, the deputations began to pass across the stage, laying before Mr. Balfour handsome illuminated addresses from many of the constituencies.

The scene of enthusiasm that ensued when Mr. Balfour rose to reply beggars description. The Premier was visibly moved, and his voice betrayed some signs of emotion as in graceful terms he thanked the delegates for their loyal show of confidence.

### PLEA FOR UNITY.

Mr. Balfour made a strong plea for the unity of the Unionist Party. The time had come, he said, when all personal differences, of whatever nature, should be sunk. Everything should be sacrificed to patriotism.

It was not a time, in view of the many critical events happening all over the world, when Party squabbles, disagreements or slight differences of opinion should be allowed to interfere with the general welfare, which could be best served by the continuance of the Unionist Party in office.

As to fiscal policy, he had given his views in several speeches. They were perfectly clear and well known.

The Opposition, bent on wrecking the Unionist Party, were trying to make a great point about what would be discussed at the Colonial Conference of 1906, arranged for in 1902. He declined altogether to interfere with the work of that Conference.

When it was decided to call it, there was an implied understanding that it should be untrammelled and free to deal with any topic. He was not prepared to remain in office if one of the conditions upon which he should do so would be that he should muzzle the Colonial Conference of 1906.

### MOROCCO AND ENGLAND.

Suab Offered to Great Britain by the Sultan's Government.

PARIS, Friday.—A Tangier telegram says that the following news has been received from Fez, under date May 29:—

"The Sultan yesterday informed the French Minister that to meet the wishes of his people he must postpone the reply to the French proposals, and demand an examination of the reforms by an International Conference."

"Mr. Lowther, on his arrival at Fez, will, therefore, find himself in the presence of the accomplished fact. This lack of courtesy towards Great Britain is the subject of much comment."—Reuter.

### BUILDER-BARONET'S FORTUNE.

Half of the late Sir James Steel's estate, which exceeds half a million sterling, has been left to the United Free Church of Scotland for Home and Foreign Missions.

## KING ALFONSO AND ANARCHISTS.

Revelation of a Remarkable Conspiracy of Murder.

## THE LONDON VISIT.

PARIS, Friday.—The "Petite Republique" states that the Anarchist Malato, arrested in connection with the attempt on the King of Spain, in the course of his examination made the following declarations:—

"I am an Anarchist. I approve the propaganda, but I did not take part in the attempt. I was aware of the plot against the King of Spain, and it is true that engines were sent to me from Barcelona, but they were not charged."

"But, far from sending them to those who were to make use of them, I hid them, and threw them into the moat of the fortifications."

### POLICE DISCOVERED CONSPIRACY.

The following statement has been made by M. Mouquin, the director of the investigating department at the Prefecture of Police, to a representative of the "Temps":—

"We know exactly who was the author of the attempt, and I may tell you at once that the crime is to all intents and purposes Spanish. We were aware, through certain trustworthy information, that five individuals had conspired against the King and decided upon his death."

"Four of them were arrested on May 26 in an hotel at Montmartre, and have since been in custody. The fifth Anarchist we were unable to find. This morning I obtained evidence that he is the author of the crime, and the complicity of the four men under arrest is certain. Their names are Vallina, Navarro, and Palacios, all Spanish subjects, and Harvey, an Englishman. All four of them are well-known Anarchists, and lived in the closest intimacy."

"One of them, Vallina, has made the most complete confession concerning the plot against the King, affirming his intention of assassinating him."

### PREDICTED BY "OLD MOORE."

The attempted assassination of the King of Spain was predicted by "Old Moore." Amongst the prophet's forebodings for the present month is the following remarkable passage:—

"We are pretty certain to hear news telling us of a dastardly attempt by Anarchists upon the life of the young King Alfonso. 'Old Moore' is thankful to think that the poor, misguided fanatics will fail in their desire."

### THE ENGLISH VISIT.

London Busy Preparing Decorations To Welcome the King.

King Alfonso, who comes to England on Monday, will be welcomed with all pomp and ceremony, and from the hour he lands at Portsmouth until he leaves on Saturday next his time will be occupied by an almost ceaseless succession of brilliant functions.

London was busy yesterday preparing for the royal visitor, and hundreds of workmen were putting up the decorations in the streets through which King Alfonso will pass. It seems that these decorations will be unusually elaborate, particularly at Holborn Bars and Oxford-circus.

### WOMEN'S BILL TALKED OUT.

Loquacious M.P. Shatters the Last Hopes of a Female Franchise.

The fair supporters of the Women's Enfranchisement Bill who filled the Ladies' Gallery of the House of Commons yesterday experienced another deep disappointment.

It was Sir Frederick Banbury, who is rapidly achieving fame as the Government stop-gap, ready to rescue the Government from "snap" divisions and objectionable measures, who dashed the hopes of the ladies to the ground.

Forty-five minutes were left for the Women's Bill. But Sir Frederick, assisted by Mr. Herbert Robertson, was equal to the occasion.

### MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Two fatal cases of sunstroke are reported from Paris.

Three young girls and three young workmen have been drowned at Goetfborg, Sweden, through the capsizing of some sailing boats.—Reuter.

Mr. J. E. Brownell, manager of Gillett's Bank at Woodstock, Oxfordshire, was found in his bedroom yesterday shot dead. A revolver was lying by his side.



## LAST COURT OF THE SEASON.

King and Queen Celebrate Prince of Wales's Birthday.

### A "WHITE" COURT.

A great many royal and aristocratic functions took place yesterday, and society was busily occupied the whole day long.

Yesterday was the Prince of Wales's fortieth birthday, and the occasion was celebrated by a dinner at Marlborough House, which was attended by the King and Queen. The customary salutes were fired in the morning at Windsor, the Tower of London, and the Horse Guards.

The custom of "birthday presents" is sedulously honoured in the Royal Family, and the Prince's little ones have been husbanding their pocket-money for weeks past in view of "father's birthday."

Prince Eddy's wonderful 15-ton brig-of-war, H.M.S. King Edward VII., was successfully launched at Virginia Water yesterday afternoon.

Twenty-four men and a traction-engine accomplished the work in seven hours of arduous toil. A pole was attached to the engine and trolley on which the little vessel rested, and alternately engine and men pushed and pulled.

At one time, during the passage through the shrubbery, it seemed that the brig never would be launched. The conveyance, after a more vigorous effort than usual, stuck in the soft and sandy soil, and for two hours twenty-four navvies and carters were employed in building a new roadway of steel plates.

It was an informal affair, none of the young Princes being present, but Lord Stanley's children watched the proceedings with great delight.

### "White" Court at Buckingham Palace.

Last night the King and Queen held their second Court this week at Buckingham Palace. It was not a large Court, and the presentations were few in number, so the royal procession was not formed until about 10.30.

In the royal circle were the Prince of Wales, Princess Victoria, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and Princess Christian. The Queen attracted all eyes by her beauty and freshness.

It might be called a "white" Court, quite a large number of ladies both wearing white dresses and bearing white flowers. Among these the Duchess of Portland, who was on the royal dais, was conspicuous. In the absence of the Duchess of Buccleuch and Lady Lansdowne, the official presentations were made by Lady Salisbury.

Empire train of white velvet, was one of the loveliest women present, Lady Mildred Cooke, in a chiffon gown of green and yellow, with Brussels lace, was another. Lady Longford wore white satin with old lace. Lady Ennismore carried pale carnations and lilies.

Lady Barrington and Mrs. Leith, Lady Swansea's daughter, were presented on their marriage, and Lady Cooper, wearing wonderful pearl-coloured tulle, presented Miss Dorothy Cooper, in white tulle and satin.

### An Interesting Wedding.

Of minor social functions the quiet wedding at Holy Trinity, Sloane-street, of the Home Secretary's daughter, Miss Bertha Akers-Douglas, and Major Lynden-Bell, of the Buffs, was one of the most interesting and important.

The bride, who was led up the aisle by her father, wore a robe of rich white satin trimmed with chiffon and lace. The few guests afterwards met at the Hans Crescent Hotel, and later the happy couple left for Paris.

Lady Gerard is giving a dinner-party to-night at her house in Hill-street, Berkeley-square. Lady Scarborough, who has been lying very ill with pneumonia at Lady Gerard's house, is now almost convalescent.

Mr. and Mrs. Bischoffheim have a week-end party at Siammore. During the past few months considerable alterations and enlargements have been carried out at their charming place, and an entirely new bachelors' wing has been added. Captain and Mrs. Ronald Greville also have a small week-end party at the Priory, Reigate.

A large and fashionable attendance is expected at Ranelagh to-day, when the pony gymkhana and ladies' sports will take place. Several members of the club are driving down parties of friends on their coaches, and the club band will play throughout the afternoon and evening.

### TENANTS' GIFTS TO A BRIDE.

A handsome "grandfather's clock" and a watch, both made in Clerkenwell, have been presented to Lady Margaret Compton, Lord Northampton's only daughter, by tenants upon his Clerkenwell estate. They are wedding gifts on her marriage to Lord Loch, which takes place at the Guards Chapel, Wellington Barracks, next Tuesday.

## LIBERALS WIN WHITBY.

Government Suffers Another Severe Blow at the Poll.

The Government have received another severe blow at Whitby.

The constituency, after long years of adherence to the Conservative cause, has now returned a Liberal. The figures are:—

Ned Buxton (L.)	4,547
Gervase Beckett (U.)	4,102
Liberal majority	445

The division has not been contested since 1892, when the present Lord Grimthorpe was returned by a majority of over a thousand.

Needless to say the Opposition have been tremendously excited (writes the member of the House of Commons who represents the *Daily Mirror* in the Lobby) over the result. As I stated a week ago, they were exceedingly hopeful of the result, the only element of doubt being as to how far the temperance electors would abstain from voting, on account of Mr. Buxton's connection with the liquor trade. From the result, however, it would appear as if the temperance party had supported him enthusiastically.

There is a good deal of speculation as to how far the result may affect the present political situation. I fancy, in the first place, it will have the effect of encouraging the free trade section of the Unionist Party to be more aggressive than they have been hitherto.

Members are now awaiting anxiously the result of the polling at Chichester to-day. The Liberal Whips tell me to-night that they do not anticipate being able to win the seat, owing to the slackness of their organisation, but they confidently anticipate a material reduction in the Conservative majority.

## "FATHER OF YOUR PEOPLE."

Unemployed's Striking Personal Appeal to the King.

A personal appeal to the King has been made by the Leicester unemployed.

"We have suffered long and patiently," runs this communication, "and as there are no immediate signs of our suffering being lessened we make bold to present our complaints in person to your Majesty."

"Many of us are old soldiers, and took an active part in the late South African war. We are reduced to the extremes of misery and want."

"In our sorrow we turn to your Majesty as father of your people, and humbly ask you to receive us, and to use your kindly and powerful influence on our behalf."

## FLYING MAN.

Experimental Effort Promised from One of the London Bridges.

Early on one morning next week, probably Saturday, Mr. Edgar Wilson, of Pinlloe, will jump from one of the bridges spanning the Thames as an experiment in human flight.

He will be in a special life-saving jacket of reindeer-hair, and a boat will be in readiness to pick him up.

No objection will be raised by the police—provided no obstruction is caused.

His apparatus consists of wings like an eagle's measuring 28ft. from tip to tip. In the centre is a kind of light cage, in which the inventor will be strapped, and the wings are supported by a bamboo frame covered with cambric. Both arms and legs are employed in propulsion.

## TOWN IN DARKNESS.

Fire at Chatham Electric Light Works Causes a Panic.

A great part of Chatham has been in darkness owing to a disastrous fire at the electric light works. Soon after the discovery of the outbreak a huge water-cooling tower and a main building crashed to the ground. Many houses near by had narrow escapes.

People rushed about frantically in their night-clothes, and many began to stack their furniture in the street. The fire is supposed to have been due to the over-heating of a machine. The damage exceeds £5,000.

## COLONIES AND NAVAL DEFENCE.

Mr. Balfour will be asked on Monday in the House by Mr. John Campbell, if at the Colonial Conference the Colonies will be asked to contribute towards the expenses of the Imperial Navy, in return for preference in British markets.

At a naval wedding at Lowestoft yesterday a score of sailors from H.M.S. Barham, all wearing bunches of lilac, dragged a carriage containing a newly-wedded couple from the church to the residence of the bride's parents.

## TERRIBLE MOTOR SMASH.

Two Ladies Killed and Others Injured in Charging a Wall.

A terrible motor-car accident is reported from the neighbourhood of Wicklow.

Two gentlemen and three ladies, with a chauffeur named Chelphor from Dublin, were returning home last evening down Ballymaghrove, a long and dangerous hill over the Devil's Glen, when, on nearing the bottom, one forewheel gave way, and the car overturned against a wall.

Miss Byrne, of Dublin, was picked up seriously injured, and died within three hours.

Mrs. Silk, another passenger, also succumbed to her injuries later. The chauffeur had his left eye knocked out, and Mr. Silk, sen., was dangerously injured, whilst Mrs. Byrne and Mr. Silk, jun., were severely bruised.

## SOLDIER CHAUFFEURS.

Removing Reproach That "Tommy" Is a "Man Without a Trade."

A man of four-and-twenty that 'asn't learned of a trade, Beside ' Reserve ' agin him—e'd better be never made.

So sang Kipling of the soldier who, having served his six years and been discharged, drifted back to the Army under another name because he could find no employment in civilian life.

This long-standing grievance is being rapidly remedied. At the Royal Marine Barracks at Eastney instruction is being given in bootmaking, painting and glazing, blacksmith's work, and motoring and electricity.

In any of these trades a soldier can become proficient enough to be worth good wages on his discharge.

Several men who have studied motor-driving and repairing have been granted certificates by the Automobile Club.

## BRITONS MORE TEMPERATE.

Less Beer, Wine, Spirits, and Tobacco Consumed per Head Than Seven Years Ago.

According to a return issued by the Chancellor of the Exchequer yesterday, the national consumption of intoxicants and tobacco shows a very remarkable decrease.

In 1894-5 the figures for wine were: Revenue, £1,185,508; total consumption, 11,912,892 gallons; consumption per head of population, 0.28 gallons, against 0.42 in 1898-9.

The figures for beer were: £13,123,679; 33,862,068 barrels; 28.12 gallons, against 31.96 in 1898-9. Spirits: £22,132,407; 40,076,632 gallons; 0.93 gallons, against 1.05 in 1898-9.

The tobacco figures were: Revenue, £13,184,767; total consumption, 83,374,670 pounds; 1.95 pounds per head, against 1.97 pounds in 1898-9.

## HOTEL FOR BABIES.

Manchester Has a Hostelry for Little Ones with Parents Abroad.

Following the successful lead of London, Manchester now has its babies' hotel, the idea being that parents who are about to travel abroad, and who for various reasons cannot take their children, may leave them without anxiety in care and comfort.

The newest babies' hotel is at the Princess Christian College, in Withington, and is fully equipped for children below six years of age.

The hotel has a double object in that it aims to train gentleness as children's nurses in addition to the care of the little ones.

Like the London establishment, the nurseries are simply yet beautifully decorated, and contain cupboards full of toys.

## ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD COMPOSER.

Yet another musical prodigy. On Monday Miss Iris Olga, aged eleven, will give a piano recital at the Salle Erard.

On the programme will be several pieces she has composed herself. She began her career as a composer at the age of three, and first appeared in public when she was five.

She has aroused great enthusiasm in Australia, and is quite a little celebrity already, but she is still fond of dolls.

## FREE TRADE IN POISON.

Dr. Waldo, at an inquest at Southwark, remarked that it was extraordinary that the law allowed anyone, even a young child, to buy the most dangerous poison in any bottle or cup, when in the case of a child any quantity of beer had to be carefully sealed up in a bottle.

## THE KING SEES THE OAKS WON.

Mr. Hall Walker's Cherry Lass Scores in a Canter.

## ACCIDENT TO A JOCKEY.

Epsom, Friday Night.—Mr. Hall Walker's Cherry Lass won the Oaks to-day in runaway style, improving relatively so much on her victory in the One Thousand Guineas as to establish immeasurable superiority to her rivals.

It was delightfully cool in the early afternoon what time the royal party drove across from the Downs Station. The King arrived with the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Portland just as the horses were saddled for the Chipstead Plate.

There was a fine gathering in the enclosure, but the crowds were not a moiety of those seen at Cicero's Derby. As usual on the Oaks Day, ladies assembled in large numbers, and the scene in the paddock was much more picturesque and without any of the bustle of Wednesday's memorable assemblage.

### Jardy's Progress.

It may here be mentioned that Denman, the trainer of Jardy, informed me of his great satisfaction with the progress made by the colt since the battle against Cicero. So marked is the improvement that M. Blanc has now the most vivid hopes of winning the Grand Prix de Paris to-morrow week.

Immediately any betting took place on the Oaks it was clear that Cherry Lass would be favourite at the shortest of rates. Some of the biggest speculators betted on the filly as if defeat were a very remote contingency, but there was plenty of money for Queen of the Earth, Renaissance, and Koorhaan—sufficient to steady the market. Yet odds were laid on Cherry Lass at the close.

Lord Ellesmere ran Sotto Voce to assist as pacemaker for Koorhaan. The latter, a racer of some capacity, looked rather plain alongside Cherry Lass, the beautifully-moulded little Queen of the Earth and the shapely Costly Lady, whose conformation is admirable. The north-country candidate, Therapia, was also greatly admired. Lord Derby went down to the paddock to see Verdana saddled. She was nervous and hot. Ferment seemed altogether outlashed, but the handsome Galatinie had a host of admirers.

### Cherry Lass's Temper.

It was not wholly satisfactory to find Cherry Lass wearing hood and blinkers, and her temper was tested at the post, where the crop of a dozen arrived some minutes before the scheduled time—the preliminaries in the matter of parade and cantering past the stands having been got through with most commendable punctuality. Nothing of moment, however, occurred at the starting-gate, and brief delay was timed until Mr. Willoughby effected a beautifully level start. Queen of the Earth was first to break the fine, but Koorhaan's pacemaker, Sotto Voce, soon set about her particular mission.

Cherry Lass, never further back than third, kept place with the leader and Therapia to the mile post. Costly Lady was travelling badly, and Amite, in the early stages, figured as whipper-in. On reaching the brow of the hill the favourite drew out clear of the opposition, bowled down the descent to Tattenham Corner in smooth style, and never allowed any to get within half. Cherry Lass, indeed, ultimately won in a canter.

On reaching the tanned roadway, some sixty yards past the winning-post, Koorhaan fell, and Griggs, her jockey, came down heavily and fractured a collar-bone. Lord Ellesmere was much concerned by the mishap, and went out to see what could be done for the unfortunate lad. Griggs is unlucky in that he had had barely three weeks ago resumed riding, and to-day's accident happened to the same casualty. Griggs was soon surgically set right by Dr. Taylor, and he will have recovered quite time enough to fulfil his Asset engagements.

Cherry Lass has not yet encountered the best of the colts as a three-year-old, but the filly will have opportunity in the St. Leger to measure strides against Cicero, Jardy, and others.

GREY FRIARS.

## WHITSUN HOLIDAYS ABROAD.

Continental Travellers should not forget to ask for the Continental "Daily Mail" everywhere.



## WELCOME TO THE BRIDE-ELECT.

Duchess Cecillie's State Entry Into  
Berlin.

## GORGEOUS PAGEANT.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Friday.—The whole city is in a ferment, for to-morrow takes place the first of the festivities connected with the wedding of the Crown Prince—the state entry of his bride, the Grand Duchess Cecillie.

Seats in windows and stands to view this and the other processions are rising hourly in price. Berlin is crowded to its utmost limits—hotels, boarding-houses, and private residences alike.

Special trains are being run daily from all parts of the country. Thousands to-day are parading the streets to view the beautiful decorations.

There was a great deal of excitement this evening over the arrival of Prince Arthur of Connaught, representing King Edward. Other royal visitors who have already arrived are the Queen of Holland and her consort, Prince and Princess Arisugawa of Japan, Prince and Princess Albert of Belgium, and Prince and Princess Christian of Denmark.

Very early to-morrow Berlin will be astir. All shops will be closed, and from about eight o'clock traffic will be stopped and the streets will be filled with troops.

### Kaiser's Personal Escort.

The Grand Duchess Cecillie, accompanied by her mother, has already taken up her residence in the Schloss Bellevue in the Thiergarten, and thither the Kaiser will be in full state to escort them to the royal Castle.

For this state entry the bride-elect will wear a lovely gown of rose-pink muslin, with beautiful English point lace and costly embroideries, her train being of the same colour and material. She will drive in the famous gilded coach, drawn by eight white horses, which bore Queen Louise to her wedding.

First will come a squadron of the 1st Dragoons of the Prussian Guard, with trumpeters; then six carriages containing the Grand Duchess's suite; in the centre of the procession will be the state coach containing the bride, her mother, the Kaiser, and the Master of the Horse. The Governor of Berlin, the Deputy-Master of Horse, and the officer in charge of the guard of honour will ride beside the coach, while the Garde du Corps regiment will precede and follow it.

On the way the Guild of Butchers will join the procession, in vindication of their right to this ancient custom. The Ober Bürgermeister will receive the Duchess at the Brandenburg Gate, where a salute of twenty-four guns will be fired. The Crown Prince will await the coming of his fiancée at the royal Castle.

In the evening there will be a gorgeous state banquet in the Castle.

## BOY GENIUS.

Max Darewski Bows Gracefully to a Magistrate Who Grants Him a Licence.

Awaiting Mr. Kennedy at Marlborough-street Police Court yesterday morning, in company with a lady and gentleman, was a boy of striking appearance, with brilliant dark eyes and dark waving hair, and a look of intense earnestness in his face. Dressed in light grey overcoat with black velvet collar, and wearing a large bow of brilliant red, he attracted all eyes in court.

He proved to be Max Darewski, "the youngest conductor in the world," aged ten-and-a-half, as explained to the magistrate by Mr. Hermann E. Darewski, who applied for a licence to permit him to conduct the Queen's Hall Orchestra at the National Sunday League concert to-morrow.

An inspector having raised no objection to the performances, Max Darewski made a polished bow to the Bench and smilingly withdrew.

## NAMES OF EVIL OMEN.

"You are a regular Jack Sheppard," said the Highgate magistrate some years ago to John Sandles.

Yesterday Sandles was charged with receiving stolen property.

Charged along with him was John Shepherd, who lives in Oak-lane, in which stands Dick Turpin's oak. Shepherd was discharged, and Sandles remanded.

## LONG WALK TO SURRENDER.

"I know I am wanted. I walked from Birmingham to give myself up."

So said James Foote, a young milk-carrier, who was remanded at the West Ham Police Court on a charge of embezzling the moneys of his employer, John Marsh, a dairyman, of Plaistow.

## FAINTING GIRLS.

School Epidemic Attributed to the  
Effect of an Earthquake.

Why was it that among the girls attending the elementary schools at Clowne, in Derbyshire, there were forty-six cases of fainting between May 17 and May 22?

The school was closed, and Dr. Barwise, county medical officer, made a thorough examination. He recommends that the chimneys should be unstoppered and fires kept constantly burning while the children are in school; open windows; gas to be turned off at the meter; hot water apparatus not to be used. But he does not explain the mystery.

He suggested that the particular class-room where the fainting occurred should be used for boys, "who are not so amenable to suggestive influence as girls." Boys used the room accordingly, and there were no cases of fainting in three days.

Most of the girls affected were among the poorest, perhaps insufficiently fed. Many are admitted to have been genuinely affected, but it is believed that others followed suit, either in imitation or from sympathy. The fits lasted from fifteen to thirty minutes, and were accompanied by shivers, spasms, and rigidity.

The most striking suggestion comes from old residents, who think "after-damp" may have been caused by a "fault" in the earth displaced by the recent earthquake.

## HOLBORN SCANDALS.

Former Borough Surveyor and Contractor  
Fined £200 Each.

George Wallace, formerly surveyor to the Holborn Council, and George Cookson, contractor for scavenging, yesterday pleaded guilty at the Old Bailey to charges under the Public Bodies Corrupt Practices Act.

Wallace was charged with receiving £130, and Cookson with paying that sum in contravention of the provisions of the Act.

In passing sentence, the Common Sergeant said that both were old men and he did not wish to send them to prison.

In each case a fine of £200 would be imposed, and, in the case of Wallace, mustered the £130.

The money was forthcoming within an hour and the prisoners were released from custody.

## THE LAZY HUSBAND.

Who Began as a "Nice" Man, but Has  
Fallen Off.

Mr. Plowden's bland treatment softened the wrath of an angry wife at Marylebone Police Court yesterday.

The subject of complaint was the husband's laziness. He lay in bed and would not go to work.

Mr. Plowden: Perhaps he has a headache?

Applicant: He is well enough to drink. It is always past nine when he gets out.

Mr. Plowden: Is that very late? It sounds to me so very early. Is he a nice husband generally speaking?

Applicant: When I first had him he was.

Mr. Plowden: But he has fallen off. I will have him cautioned.

## LAW OF CIRCUMSTANCE.

"Witnesses," Says a Judge, "May Lie, but  
Circumstances Cannot."

On a horse stealing charge at the Old Bailey yesterday, the evidence was wholly circumstantial, and in the course of the case counsel made reference to the dictum that circumstantial evidence was often stronger than direct evidence.

In summing up Judge Rentoul said the dictum of the learned Judge who had been referred to was "Witnesses may lie, but circumstances cannot." To this had been added the rider: "But circumstances are proved by witnesses."

The strongest point in the evidence against the prisoners was that, while asserting themselves to be innocent, nearly every statement they made in explaining their movements had proved to be untrue, and the alibi they set up was blown to pieces directly it was tested by cross-examination.

The prisoners were found guilty, and sentenced to two years' hard labour.

## ASSETS A FUR COAT.

Mr. L. R. W. Lloyd, of Prince's Hotel, Jermyn-street, and the Eccentric Club, confessed at the London Bankruptcy Court yesterday that his expenditure during the last three years had been at the rate of £15,000 a year.

Although Mr. Lloyd does not admit insolvency, his liabilities are returned at £25,535, and his assets a fur coat worth cost £500 and a dishonoured cheque valued at £40.

## PEER'S ART TREASURES.

Society Interested in the Great Tweed-  
mouth Sale To-day.

To-day at Christie's the collection of old English masters formed by the Right Hon. Lord Tweedmouth will come under the hammer, and will include five canvases by Reynolds, seven by Raeburn, two superb Hoppners, and many other valuable works.

That this collection is no ordinary one is evidenced by the remarkable interest society generally has taken in it.

Though there are only fifty-two items in the collection, the general opinion is that the total obtained will be quite £300,000, owing to the excellence of the majority of the works.

There is one of Reynolds's finest whole-length portraits, the Countess of Bellamont, daughter of James, first Duke of Leinster, which in 1875 realised 2,400 guineas, the same artist's "Simplicity," which as recently as 1884 went for £108, about a tenth of the sum it is likely to fetch to-day, and a superb Morland, "Dancing Dogs," which will probably exceed the record 2,000 guineas given for the same painter's "Morning" at the recent Huth sale.

Of the Raeburns, the chief are the portraits of the artist and his wife, which realised 510 guineas and 850 guineas respectively at his sale in 1877, and there are besides works by Hogarth, Lely, Kneller, and three canvases by Henry Morland, the father of George Morland.

At Christie's yesterday at the sale of the porcelain and objects of art, the property of the late Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, and sold by order of the Baroness Kinslow, and other properties, a Louis XV. oblong gold snuffbox, made by J. P. Ducrollay, Paris circa 1760, went for £1,400.

## LADY MOTORISTS.

Well-known English Woman Driver Fined  
Because Her Light Went Out.

Miss Maude Darrell, of Curzon-street, Mayfair, acted as interpreter in West London Police Court for her chauffeur, Maurice Mariette, who was fined £8 for driving an unregistered car in Kensington-road at more than twenty miles an hour.

A charge against Miss Darrell of allowing him so to drive was dismissed.

Miss Dorothy Levitt, Portman-mansions, W., was fined 20s. and costs for driving in Kensington High-street a motor-car with no light on the back plate.

Her counsel, calling her one of the best-known lady motorists in England, urged that the lamp went out by accident, having certainly been alight when she left Richmond.

Mr. Lane said the regulation was obligatory; there was nothing ethical about it—no justice—merely a regulation.

## VICE VERSA.

Man Who Prepared for Slumber Before  
Finding a Bed.

A strange scene was witnessed by a few people in Islington yesterday morning.

Entering a garden in Grosvenor-road a man named Thomas Booth divested himself of the greater part of his clothing. Then he assailed the door of a neighbouring house with vigorous double knocks. This brought a constable to the spot, and to him Booth explained that he wanted to get inside and go to bed.

He did not know where his clothes were, nor did he realise that he was knocking at the door of a stranger.

Thereupon the constable concluded that the man was intoxicated and arrested him.

In fining him 5s. at North London Mr. Fordham remarked that he had reversed the usual procedure of drunken persons, who go to bed in their clothes.

## SHOT BY HIS WIFE.

Plea of Self-Defence Advanced in a Mysterious  
Case at Westminster.

The case of Mr. Robert Dennis, who was shot by his wife in mistake, it is said, for a burglar, was again before the Westminster Police Court yesterday.

Dennis admitted in evidence that he had once thrown a kettle at his wife, scarring her cheek.

Mr. Dutton, on behalf of Mrs. Dennis, said he was prepared to show that the wife acted in self-defence.

Mrs. Dennis was committed for trial at the C. A. Bailey, and was admitted to bail on her own recognisances.

## DOORSTEP LEGACY.

There was a loud knock the other morning at the door of a house in Mathison-road, Haringway.

The servant answered it, saw a bundle at her feet, and heard a faint cry. The "bundle" was a baby, and at Wood Green yesterday Olbina Howell was remanded on a charge of deserting the little one.

## JUDGE ON BOXING.

Mr. Justice Darling's Thirst for  
Knowledge in the "Noble Art."

## AMUSING CASE.

When Mr. John Henry Passey entered into a contract to hire the Athenaeum Assembly Rooms, Camden-road, for a series of performances, comprising "a high-class exhibition of physical culture, assaults-at-arms, etc.," it was felt that the arrangement was worthy of the Camden-road Athenaeum's great and high-class traditions.

Yet immediately after the first of the high-class entertainments had been given the management told Mr. Passey that the other nine could not take place. The management had been scandalised by the nature of Mr. Passey's idea of an "assault-at-arms."

Yesterday, when Mr. Passey asked for damages for breach of contract in Mr. Justice Darling's Court, stories were told how some of the most select young ladies in Camden Town, who went to attend a singing class, encountered on the stairs of the hitherto blameless Athenaeum boxers in boxing costume, with black eyes and other still more unpleasant marks of battle.

### Athenaeum's Prestige.

That was why the Athenaeum management wrote: "Your assault-at-arms and your high-class exhibition do not add to the Athenaeum's prestige." Mr. Passey in the witness-box stoutly denied that the Athenaeum had been misled. Asked for his own definition of an "assault-at-arms," he said:—"It is a military name for boxing." (Loud laughter.)

Moreover, he asserted, "leading lights" of the profession had been engaged, including a champion from the Meat Market and the champion of the United States.

The only reason why the police assisted at the high-class exhibition was because a number of people wanted to get in half-price. (Loud laughter.)

And it was certainly not true—here Mr. Passey got very warm in his manner—that his "M.C." had said:

"Boys, be on your best behaviour. Mr. Passey has taken these premises on the distinct understanding that if you are not on your best behaviour you will be chucked out."

Nor were there any hideous noises, Mr. Passey declared, although there might be party feeling.

### Cynical Judge.

After a very indignant juryman had jumped up and denied that there was, as suggested, a boxing-hall in Highgate—he made the protest for the credit of the place where he lived, he said—the Judge remarked that it would be just as well to clear up another possible misapprehension. The Athenaeum alluded to was not the Athenaeum at the top of the Duke of York's Steps. (Great relief and much laughter.)

His Lordship also offered some remarks that might with advantage be embodied in the next standard work on pugilism:—

"It is more pleasant to teach boxing than to box."

"The man whose nose bleeds ought to be paid more than the man who causes it to bleed."

An attempt having been made to show that Henley oarsmen and Varsity athletes, in the presence of ladies, wear a costume very like that adopted by "high-class" entertainment boxers, the Judge asked, for his private information, whether the Henley oarsmen had bleeding noses and the Varsity athletes black eyes.

Mrs. Passey, who assessed his loss at £500, failed to gain the verdict, and one of the "leading lights," who confessed to the Court his hope of recompense depended on Mr. Passey's success, was also grievously disappointed.

The Latest  
War News

TO-MORROW  
IN THE

60 WEEKLY  
DISPATCH.



## UNFAIR BOWLING BIASSED CRITICS.

**Batsmen Who Fall at the Natural  
Stroke, and Barracking.**

### COUNTY CHAMPIONS.

By F. B. WILSON.

(Last Year's Cambridge Captain.)

The many criticisms both spoken and written on the subject of Armstrong's bowling in the first Test match make one ambitious of contributing a personal opinion. To plaster the leg side with men and then bowl outside a batsman's legs is, according to many of our so-called authorities, not cricket.

Certainly, in a way, it is not cricket, because the batsmen are unable to hit leg balls, even when they have a go at them. This is no doubt owing to the fashionable off theory, which precludes the likelihood of practice in leg hitting.

Those who find fault with Armstrong and noise about the theory that his bowling was unsporting, are blinking a very obvious fact. Armstrong must have been bowling to orders. It may be permissible to question the advisability of those said orders, but to suggest that a bowler should flatly refuse to obey his captain would be absurd were it not so amusing.

#### PLAYING FOR A DRAW.

Some accuse the Australians of playing for a draw at three o'clock in the afternoon. Might not the Australians retaliate that Hayward's innings looked as if England was doing the same thing? Turning to the actual bowling performance. "The finest battle between good batting and solid bowling, with great masters on both sides. A great brain question." So the contest between MacLaren, Hayward, and Armstrong was summed up by a critic in the pavilion, and to more than one the contrast appeared the same.

One could not help hearing and, moreover, agreeing with the comments of some of the older members in the pavilion. "My stars!" said one old gentleman, "George Parr would have paid five bob an over for that stuff; he'd have hit it over the stands."

The coming of the Australians, their early successes, their great games against Lancashire and Yorkshire, and finally their failure in the match of surprises, has rather driven the county championship competition into the background.

Yet this year's inter-county cricket has proved that there is likely to be a great fight for the championship. Up till Thursday Lancashire carried all before them, scarcely having a bad quarter of an hour at any period of their games. Their bowling is very strong, they are full of all-round men, their tail is Lilliputian, also they are all dead keen, and if it can possibly be done they mean to retain the proud position which they gained last season.

#### WAR OF THE ROSES.

Yorkshire, however, hold different views. Their opinion is that this year the championship resolves itself into another "War of the Roses," and that the White Rose is the one that should triumph.

Of the rest Surrey have done well, but cannot, I think, quite win. Middlesex have already lost too many matches. Kent are the only dangerous team left, and if they can keep free of further defeat, even by playing drawn games, until their August men can turn out they may be found very near the top at the end of the season.

F. B. WILSON.

### A HOLIDAY FRIEND.

**Complete Encyclopedia Showing Where To  
Go and How.**

The advent of holidays and the presence of fine weather bring thoughts of sea and country to the minds of all. It is change that gives zest to a holiday, and the sensible holiday-seeker longs for something new, but the old difficulty arises, where to go. By consulting a map he will find resorts innumerable, but cannot find the information that he most needs.

The *Daily Mirror* Holiday Resort Guide is the publication that fills this void. A well-printed book of some eighty large pages, with a dainty and artistic cover, it is one of the season's most attractive publications. All information that the holiday-seeker needs is there—Where to go, How to get there, Where to stay. It gives a concise description of each resort, whether sands or rocks, bracing or mild, boating or fishing; all these and many other particulars necessary to the holiday-seeker, be he pedestrian, cyclist, golfer, or motorist, are there. Even the often overlooked question of family or mixed bathing has not been lost sight of in the compilation of this admirable book.

It gives a good clear map and contains some attractive illustrations, a list of the best apartments and hotels, and the local cab fares, etc., etc. We can cordially recommend this guide to everyone interested in the all-absorbing subject of holidays and holiday resorts. It is sold at the price of threepence, and is really a remarkable publication at the money, and one that is in every sense necessary.

## LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

On the birth of his tenth child the weekly salary of William Parker, a Suffolk farm labourer, was raised from 10s. to 11s. Mr. Parker, who subsequently had five more children, celebrated his golden wedding yesterday.

The Khedive will arrive in London on Monday, June 12, for a visit of about ten days.

In the Green Park to-morrow evening, the band of the Royal Horse Guards will play selections of music.

No autumn manoeuvres will be held on Salisbury Plain this year except divisional training for the 4th Infantry Division.

En route for South Africa, the 2nd East Kent Regiment, nearly 1,000 strong, had a heavy send-off from Bulford Camp yesterday.

Castlebar Council offers a reward of £50 for the discovery of the person who destroyed a portrait of Lord Lucan in the Town Hall.

While a barber was shaving a man in Brentford yesterday a bull walked into the shop, gazed at the operation, and quietly walked away again.

Apparently excited through her son's departure to New Zealand, Mrs. Cripps, wife of the senior surgeon at St. Bartholomew's, died suddenly yesterday.

Only 20 per cent. of the 31,000 visitors to Shakespeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon last year were Americans, state the trustees in their annual report.

In the body of a 10-inch trout caught in the Tweed a penknife 3½ in. long has been found.

Nineteen years ago to-day the law forbidding soldiers to smoke in the streets was cancelled.

In St. George's-in-the-East the birth-rate for the last fortnight was 59 per 1,000, nearly double that for London generally.

Lord Charles Beresford left London yesterday for Genoa on his way to assume his command of the Mediterranean Squadron.

Arrivals of ivory in London for the forthcoming annual sale are much smaller than usual, and the prices will probably rule high.

Injuries caused by a fall from his bicycle caused the death yesterday of Mr. A. F. Macdougall, a magistrate, of Rendham, Suffolk.

On Lord Boyne's estate of Brancepeth Castle a large ancient British camp has just been discovered by Mr. Edward Wooler, of Darlington.

Fast asleep on the heath at Easthampstead, near Wellington, a man was discovered and roused yesterday just in time to save him from a fierce heat fire.

### WHITBY'S NEW M.P.



The Liberals won another victory yesterday, when Mr. Noel Buxton was returned for Whitby by a majority of 448. At the last contested election the Conservative majority was 1,083.

Several of the largest engineering works in the Newcastle district are so busy that they will not close for the Whitsuntide holiday.

Pheasants are hatching out very badly in North Devon, only about one egg in three proving fertile. The cause is said to be the recent cold winds.

For the great international swimming contests at Blackpool at the end of this month the best swimmers from Europe and America are arriving in London.

Betsy Clements, a Russian Jewess, aged 105, died in Whitechapel Infirmary yesterday, in the presence of her octogenarian son, who arrived from Russia just in time.

"The sooner you give up your idea of thinking everybody is straightforward just because you are yourself, the better," said Judge Lumley Smith in the City of London Court yesterday.

Charles King, an old sailor, was fined 5s. and costs at Colchester yesterday for being drunk, notwithstanding his appeal for leniency on the ground he was born at the same village as Nelson.

Roman Catholic churches in Manchester, which are open all day for prayer, have lost many articles of value during the last few days, and the clergy fear the churches will have to be closed except during service times.

Frank Suggs, the well-known cricketer, was summoned at Liverpool yesterday because the crowds watching the cricket scores in his shop-window caused an alleged obstruction. The summons was dismissed.

Postponement was granted in the Chancery Division yesterday of a motion for the appointment of a receiver and manager of the "Vanity Fair" Publishing Company.

Although offered a shilling each and compensation if temporarily disabled, workmen in Macclesfield gasworks have declined to be vaccinated. One of them is suffering from smallpox.

St. Pancras Borough Council have invited for next Monday a conference of Members of Parliament, doctors, nurses, and ministers, to discuss questions concerning the preservation of infant life.

Seamen of the steamer Cheltenham, which was seized by the Russian fleet while carrying contraband, were awarded £117 yesterday against the owners, the Austin Friars Steam Shipping Company.

"That the cost of training teachers should be borne by the National Exchequer, and should not fall upon local rates," is the resolution to be discussed at next Tuesday's meeting of the County Councils Association.

Manned by Naval Reserve men, the Cardiff steamer Whately Hall has made a gross profit of £4,515 in three voyages to the River Plate. It is said that no other steamer has made such good profits in the same period.

After the lapse of seventeen years since a warrant was issued for the arrest of Allen Kincard Smith, of St. Margaret's and Brighton, for failing to attend his examination in bankruptcy, the examination took place at Brentford yesterday. It was stated that the debts will be paid in full.

## ANOTHER SET-BACK ON 'CHANGE.

**Anxiety Over Morocco and Japan's  
Financial Capacity.**

### DECLINE ALL ROUND.

CAPEL COURT, Friday Evening.—The unexpected has happened. When markets seemed ripe for the rise they had another fall. It is probably, however, merely a passing spasm, for the position is really very much healthier. But the foreign bourses seemed to be rather troubled about the revival of the Morocco problem, and the Sultan's request for a European conference.

The American weakness, too, seemed to cause some uneasiness. In the circumstances the strong bullion influx to the Bank of England was disregarded, and though another £121,000 went in this afternoon, it had no influence. Still investors are quite justified in taking heart, though to-day the revival of business noticeable this week has been checked. That should only be temporary. Of course, on Monday there is the little problem of the Japanese Government's money going in to the Bank of England. The question is how soon it will be released.

#### HOME RAILS DOWN.

The Japanese Government has so far been very prompt in this matter, but possibly this time there may be a little further delay, for it is difficult to see how the Japanese Government is going to find a fresh supply of Treasury Bills to purchase, and it has been in this way that the money has been released hitherto.

Today Consols declined for the reasons noted above, and closed only 90 9-16 ex-dividend, which is a set-back of ½ from the highest point touched in the rise this week.

A general marking down was seen in Home Rails. This was only what might reasonably have been expected with the gilt-edged market showing a little weakness. There was very little business to test the position, and very little buying at all. Accordingly, those stocks that were marked up yesterday were marked down to-day.

It was in the American market that the weakness was most severely shown, and this was due to the revival of the criticism about the Equitable management methods in New York.

The failure of a broker, Mr. Edward Preston, which was officially announced to-day, was said to be due to American market methods. The settlement has certainly been got through with much less difficulty than was at one time feared. The Street Market rallied from the lowest.

#### ARGENTINE TROUBLE.

Selling of Americans had its influence on the Canadian Railway group. The speculative buying in Grand Trunks, for instance, was followed to-day by closing out by recent buyers, and so some sharp declines were seen. Then the Argentine Railway market had its own little special trouble in the revolution which had broken out in the province of Santiago. Rosarios are being sold. The Argentine Great Western issue seems to find favour, and ½ premium was put on the price.

Movements in the Foreign market were irregular. Japanese bonds were marked up in the earlier dealings, but were offered later, and closed at slight losses on balance. Russian bonds were unsupported, and declined a point to 87½. Costa Rica "B" bonds were firm on the debt restructuring scheme.

In the Miscellaneous group Allsopps lost the rise of yesterday, and Hudson's Bays were rather heavy. National Telephone Deferred reacted on profit-taking. One or two Nitrate shares secured a moderate advance, and among catering descriptions Acrated Breads were firm at 5½.

The Kafir market was in a somewhat gloomy frame of mind. All the leading shares lost ground on selling from Paris, where a failure was reported to have taken place. There was some bidding for Associated in the Westralian section, but Hannan's Stars, which were at one time pushed up to 9s., reacted to 7s. 6d. West Africans were neglected and quite featureless, but a little support was extended to Egyptian descriptions.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Daily Mirror" will be happy to reply to its readers as to the merits of stocks and shares. It will furnish names of brokers, members of the leading exchanges, for investment purposes only. It will be obliged if readers will forward all touting, outside brokers', and bucket-shop circulars, invitations to subscribe, and other forms of pernicious financial literature that may be in circulation.

C. COVENTRY AND CO. (Kangaroo): We do not advise you to act upon the circulars of this London firm of bucket-shop keepers—JOHN CARTER AND SON (readers). We do not advise you to deal with this firm. TWO COMPANIES (S. E. B.): We advise neither. LONDON AND NEW YORK EXCHANGE (L. B.): We think you have done extremely well, and that you had a very lucky escape in dealing with these people. You doubtless saw their name mentioned in connection with legal action recently. We strongly urge you never to act on bucket-shop circulars. The shares you mention are unmarketable—BETZESTROOMS (L. J.): Do not join the reconstruction.



NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—  
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# Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JUNE 3 1905

## WHITBY.

WHITBY has given the Government as bad a shaking as it has yet received at any by-election. In 1895 and 1900 it returned Conservative Mr. Beckett (now Lord Grimthorpe) unopposed. The Liberals did not think it worth while, in view of his strong local influence, to put up a candidate against him. Now his brother has been roundly beaten. The Conservative majority of over 1,000 in 1892 is turned into a Liberal majority of 445. Here is a sign of the times indeed.

Partly, of course, it is a sign of the prevailing dissatisfaction with the Government—the kind of dissatisfaction which is usual when a Ministry has been a long time in office. But even more does it show that the "landed interest" is losing its hold upon the country elector. No longer is it sufficient for a member of a powerful and wealthy family to come into the field and say, "Elect me, because I am a So-and-so." The political education even of the labourer has got beyond that at last.

If the Conservatives hope to win seats (soon they will be giving up that hope altogether!) they must learn not to put their trust in nonentities with names. The Liberals have a good deal to learn in this way, too. Upon an impartial survey of the House of Commons there is very little to choose between the two sides so far as brains and sound sense are concerned.

The question is being asked with eager interest: Will the Government go out? That interest will be still more eager if Chichester should have followed Whitby's lead, and decided not to bow the knee any longer before the Great Family Fetish. We shall not know this until to-day. But in any case he would be a sanguine opponent of the Party in power who should suppose that, after so many buffets, one or two more would make any particular difference.

## MUSIC IN THE WORKHOUSE.

The Hampstead Guardians may have had excellent reasons for refusing the offer of a gramophone for the amusement of their poor old workhouse people, but no such reasons were mentioned at their meeting by those who spoke against the kindly suggestion.

The kind of arguments advanced were that the gramophone is a "vulgar instrument," and that the authorities could not go on "winding the wretched thing for ever." These valuable contributions to the debate came from a clergyman and a colonel respectively.

For our part we should have imagined that anything likely to cheer and brighten the lives of those who are ending their days at the public expense would have been welcomed by the authorities elected to manage workhouses. And certainly a gramophone ought to come under that head.

One can see the dim eyes brighten and the frail hands beat time. One can hear the feeble voices trying to echo some favourite air, and the talk afterwards about the songs of a by-gone age. In imagination one can see and hear this. In reality it is not to be.

Read in connection with the pitiful case of the parents who could not get their little child's body buried, this incident does not leave one with a high opinion either of the humanity or the good sense of the average Board of Guardians. Yet it is our own fault for not taking any interest in our Poor Law elections.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The chief good I find in the thing they call "fame" is the prospect of being able to live with less misery from terror of want. The rest is worth little to me, little or even nothing.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

TO-DAY the Prince of Wales celebrates the fortieth anniversary of his birthday.

Though his personality is not so clearly defined in most people's minds as his father's was at that age, yet his frank and open manners have won him a secure place in the affections of the public which watches royalty from a distance. To be Prince of Wales (which means to be forever attending official functions, and always to be amiable) is a difficult task—especially if one happens not to be over fond of publicity, as is the case with the Prince and his wife. When a friend asked the Princess once what kind of person she disliked most in life, she replied: "The person who catches sight of one in public and shrieks out, 'There she is!'"

Perhaps the days when he was a middy, and had no bazaars to open, were the happiest the Prince of Wales has ever passed. He behaved then simply as others did. One day when his ship was coaling in Turkish waters, a representative of the Sultan, very ceremonious, all ribbons and decora-

Countess with a conscience," because of her constant preoccupation with congresses, committees, and all other means for the regeneration of mankind. Like the person in Mr. Barrie's "Admirable Crichton," she used to dine once a year, too, with her servants, which must have been embarrassing for her, and still more so for the servants. It is said, by the way, that Lady Aberdeen only met her husband by a singular chance.

She is a sister of Lord Tweedmouth, who owns large estates in the Highlands. One day Lord Aberdeen, who had taken an estate near, happened to walk over on to his neighbour's land, was met by Lord Tweedmouth, and informed that he was trespassing. Immediately apologies were offered, cards were produced, and Lord Aberdeen was asked to lunch. At the luncheon table he met Miss Marjoribanks, with whom he fell romantically in love, and who is now his wife.

Gorgeous Brook House, in Park-lane, which Sir Ernest Cassel is said to have purchased from Lord Tweedmouth, is certainly an ideal house for a man of many friends who wishes to entertain them royally. It would be almost impossible to be crowded in these huge rooms, which Lord Tweed-

## "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ALL THESE SEATS?"



Another of Mr. Balfour's "safe" seats has given way. Yesterday Mr. Noel Buxton, the Liberal candidate, was announced to have won the by-election at Whitby by 445 votes. At the last two general elections a Conservative was returned unopposed.

tions, came to pay his respects to the son of the then Prince of Wales. The visitor was announced just as his Royal Highness was occupied in directing the coaling party, but he left them at once and appeared on deck, hatless, grimy, unrecognisable, and obviously enjoying himself immensely. The grandee was so amazed at the appearance of the royal sailor that he could scarcely speak.

Lord Ronaldshay, who is to preside to-day at the luncheon which the Unionist candidates are giving to the Prime Minister at the Hotel Métropole, has probably travelled as much as any other English peer, in spite of the fact that he is still under thirty. For five or six years he wandered far from England—in Persia, Kashmir, Ceylon, Tibet, and he knows the Himalayas better than the ordinary tourist knows the Alps. It was in the Himalayas that he was once nearly snowed up.

He had been camping out with a hunting-party for three months, and the time of blizzards was at hand. His party, plodding one day through almost impenetrable snow-drifts, came upon the traces of steps, and a place where the snow had evidently been upturned. They began to explore, and came upon the bodies of some Europeans and their native followers, who had been buried under the weight of an avalanche which had evidently fallen upon them a little earlier. Lord Ronaldshay himself had only escaped their fate by a few hours.

Lady Aberdeen, who is one of the members of the committee of the Ladies' Kennel Association, against which Mr. Herbert Dealtry is about to bring an action, used to be known in Scotland as "the

mouth has decorated with the Wedgwood which he spends much of his time collecting. The house has often been let, once in particular, to Mr. Whitelaw Reid, who has a taste for palatial residences, when he came over for the Coronation. He had to pay, I believe, four thousand guineas for a six weeks' tenancy!

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor seems to have scored quite a success with her play, "The Temptation," which has just been produced in Liverpool. Mrs. O'Connor is not acting in it, as she did in her other play, "The Lady From Texas," when that was on tour in the provinces. During the tour Mrs. O'Connor, who was exceedingly amusing in the chief part, fell seriously ill. The tour was cut short, and the company disbanded soon afterwards. Such bad luck did not seriously discourage Mrs. O'Connor, and as soon as she recovered she began to write more plays, or, rather, to dictate them to her secretary, as easily as most people write letters.

Lady Frances Balfour is a capital speaker, and the gift was never shown to better advantage than when she claimed, at the Women's Free Trade Union, that she was the only free-trade member of her family. Lady Frances is a sister of the present Duke of Argyll, and is married to Colonel Eustace Balfour, the Prime Minister's brother. She is very patriotic about Scotland. She lives most of the year, however, in London, where she works at political and charitable enterprises, but goes little into society. She dislikes nothing so much as the society woman who has nothing to do but amuse herself, and one of the aims of her life is to convince such people that if they want to avoid boredom they must find some steady work to do, and do it patiently.

## THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

### MILITARY ANTICS.

"As 'H. M. R.' says, the evolutions of Foot Guards on the Horse Guards Parade are absurd, but I am afraid they will have to exist for some time longer.

Our present system of recruiting aims chiefly at catching two types of men, known to the initiated as workhouse and nursemaid recruits. The first enlist rather than go into the workhouse; the second for the sake of the uniform and the havoc it makes in feminine hearts.

Such men must have ceremonial. It is necessary for discipline. They see nothing absurd in either themselves or their officers walking like overfed geese.

When we pay our soldiers at a rate which will attract the best men, our absurd ceremonial will disappear, in company with padded tunics, tight overalls, and burnished "warpois" (h'mnets).  
United Service Club. CAVALRY CAPTAIN.

### DAUGHTER OF WILD BEASTS.

I am an avowed Anarchist. As such I wish to protest against the use of the term "anarchist" for the "Dangerous Wild Beasts," as you rightly call them, who commit murderous outrages on the existing heads of society.

An Anarchist is not a person who goes about seeking whom he may destroy, but who believes that the ideal state of society is one in which every individual shall do right for its own sake, and so make laws and coercive measures unnecessary.

For such murderous ruffians as those who have just attempted the life of the King of Spain to be lynched on the spot by the spectators would be quite in keeping with anarchist principles.

Adelphi, W.C. T. C. H.

### HOW TO STOP MOTOR-RACING.

If the Government really wanted to keep motor to twenty miles an hour, they can do it at once by a simple Act of one clause.

That Act should make it illegal to possess a motor capable of going at over twenty miles an hour. That would settle the difficulty without any further trouble.

But the Government is only making-believe it this, as in everything else.

ONCE A CONSERVATIVE.  
Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

### HOME ART FLOUTED.

At Drury Lane Theatre last night—called the National Theatre—I was surprised and annoyed to see on the painted curtain the name of a Vienna firm.

Surely a "National Theatre" should employ national artists. It is not as if the painting was particularly good either. There are hundreds of painters here in London who could do much better work.

A SCULPTOR.  
Pembroke Studios, Kensington, W.

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. Noel Buxton, the Winner at Whitby.

IT is not easy to say how great his victory is in Whitby, for there has not been a contest there since 1892, and then the Government majority was 1,083. Now the Liberal majority is 445—a very big change.

Probably the honest straightforwardness of his views and manners have won him his seat quite as much as his avowed politics.

"We want a Government that will not squander money the people can ill afford to pay, and a Government which will pay due attention to the public interests." That is one of his sayings which proved an excellent battery.

He is a young man, tall and erect, a good specimen of the Englishman. His dark moustache is still rather a slight one, and does not add to his age. His grave, earnest eyes are by far the oldest-looking features of his face.

As a speaker he is quiet, thoughtful, and fluent, and his air of firm conviction in the views he advocates goes a long way towards securing his hearers' attention.

By business he is a brewer, but early in the campaign he declared that he did not think anyone in the division would put personal considerations before politics.

He would not himself, certainly.

## IN MY GARDEN.

JUNE 2.—The pretty monthly roses are coming out. For decorative purposes they are very useful in a garden, being exceedingly free-flowering and easy to grow.

The "carmine pillars" begin to deck many arches with their brilliant single blooms. In a few weeks these roses will startle all with their wonderful florescence.

Refreshed by recent rains, violas and pansies are to-day covered with fine blossoms. Dead flowers should be always removed from these plants, as, if seed-vessels are prevented from forming, their flowering period is greatly extended. This also applies to sweet peas and many other flowers.

The welcome "bachelor's buttons" (fair maids of France) are now well out. E. F. T.

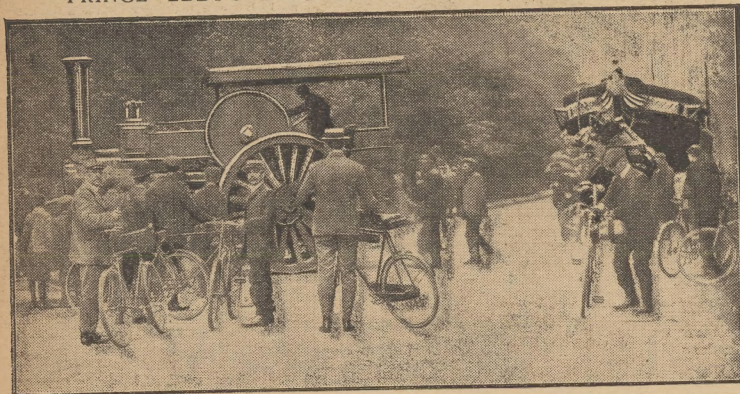


# SAILOR PRINCE & his SAILOR SONS.



The Prince of Wales, who celebrates his fortieth birthday to-day, is a Vice-Admiral in the Navy, and qualified for the post by spending many hard-working years as a practical naval officer. He is determined that each of his sons shall become as good a seaman as he is himself, and their training will be commenced on the miniature brig just taken to Virginia Water for the purpose. Prince Eddy and his brother, Prince Albert, appear in the smaller photograph.—(Barnett, Ralph.)

## PRINCE EDDY'S BRIG ARRIVES AT VIRGINIA WATER.



After being towed up the Thames, the miniature brig, King Edward VII., was conveyed by land to Virginia Water in the manner shown in the photograph, which was taken just as it arrived at its destination.

## LADIES' GOLF TOURNAMENT AT CROMER.



The ladies' international championship tournament, now proceeding at Cromer, is arousing the greatest interest in golfing circles. Our photograph was taken during the match between two well-known players, Miss Glover and Miss C. Foster.

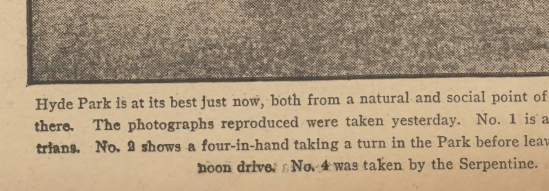
## £1,000 ORCHID.



The most valuable plant in the Temple Show, an orchid known as The Baron, which cannot be purchased under £1,000.



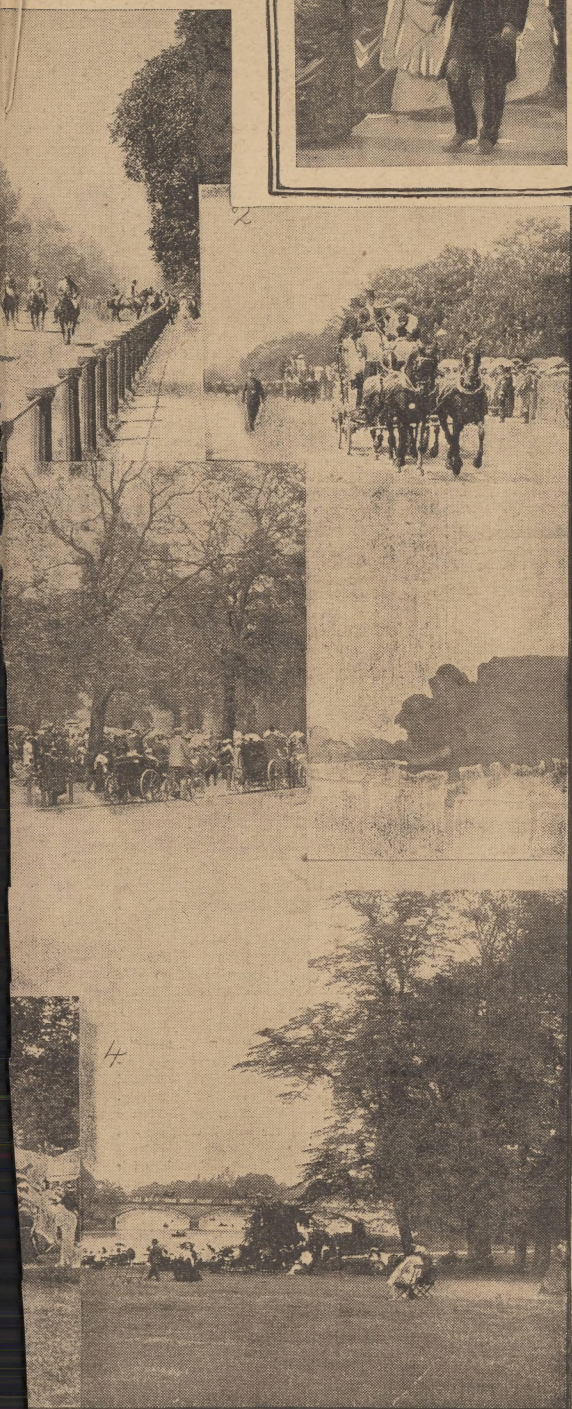
## YESTERDAY in HYDE PARK



Hyde Park is at its best just now, both from a natural and social point of view. The photographs reproduced were taken yesterday. No. 1 is a view of the Serpentine. No. 2 shows a four-in-hand taking a turn in the Park before leaving for the day. No. 3 shows a group of people sitting on a bench. No. 4 was taken by the Serpentine.



# ERDAY E PARK



and crowds of Londoners have been every day enjoying the brilliant sunshine on the famous ride, Rotten Row, equally popular among riders and pedestrians. No 3 is "The Ladies' Mile," where society takes its regulation afternoon picture or a very popular feature—tea in the Park.



DEFEATED CANDIDATE.



Mr. Gervase Beckett, who lost the Government seat at Whitby by 445 votes.

MARRIED TO-DAY.



Lady Katherine Egerton, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere, who will be married to Mr. Charles Hardy at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, to-day.—(Bullingham.)

YVETTE GUILBERT IN CRINOLINE.



Mme. Yvette Guilbert, the famous French singer, who arrived in London yesterday. She has been photographed in the costume in which she will sing the "Crinoline" song at a series of matinées, commencing next week, at the Haymarket Theatre.

CELEBRATE THEIR SIXTY-EIGHTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY TO-DAY.



Mr. and Mrs. John Brinsmead to-day celebrate the completion of the sixty-eighth year of their married life—a record not often achieved. Mr. John Brinsmead, whose name is familiar to everyone in connection with pianofortes, is ninety years of age, but still takes an active part in business.



## OUR SATURDAY SHORT STORY.

## THE LOCKED DOOR.

It was a scene of ordered confusion behind the stage at the Piccadilly theatre.

They were playing a musical comedy which had been successfully produced a month before, and was likely, in the opinion of the sanguine, to run for years.

Standing in the wings, ready to take their place upon the stage, were a group of small-part actresses. They were all chatting volubly, and two of them, Nellie Devereux and Julia Vaughan were arguing over a tiny piece of looking-glass which was stuck up behind one of the wings.

Their bickering ceased, however, upon one of them catching sight of a tall, dark-haired girl, hurrying towards the dressing-rooms.

"She's late again," exclaimed Julia.

"As usual, if it's Winnie Carr you mean," interposed one of the others.

"She's still got her cloak with her," put in a third speaker.

There was a burst of appreciative laughter, as if the remark carried some jest with it that all understood and enjoyed.

"Her cloak? Did you ever see her without it? Fancy it must have been left her by her grandmother."

Nellie Devereux's blue eyes lit up indignantly.

"She's a good little thing, and I can't think why you should always be sneering at her—and her cloak. It may be a trifle old-fashioned, but—"

"You sniggered, didn't you? I don't like the way we're laughing at, but the way she rolls it up into a bundle and places it under her arm, instead of wearing it on her shoulders."

"Well, what of that? Perhaps she brings it for show, and folds it so that we may see the part which is least shabby. I stick up for her because she's a good little woman, and the best of us all by far."

"Speak for yourself," retorted Julia. "As for her superiority, it's just that which I resent. Why should she put on airs and be so reserved with us?"

"I fancy she's had some trouble. I don't think it's pride. When I first knew her, over a year ago, she was as gay as it is possible for a girl to be. She was engaged to someone—an officer in the Army, I think. Then I lost sight of her until she joined us at rehearsal here. She looks strangely altered now."

There was a moment's silence, broken by Julia suddenly demanding:

"Have you ever been into her dressing-room?"

"No; she always keeps it locked."

"I know that. It's locked even when she's on."

Rather odd, isn't it?"

Before Nellie could make any reply the stage manager came bustling up.

Nellie Devereux and Winnie Carr each had a separate dressing-room to herself. This unusual privilege was granted to them merely because the rooms were too small to hold more than one person.

Although she had not admitted it to Julia, Nellie had often been puzzled by the extreme caution which Winnie Carr displayed in keeping her door always locked.

One evening she asked the latter point blank why she kept her door so closely locked.

## LOST IN THE WINNING.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

## CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

LYNDAL MAYBRICK: A charming young girl, a splendid horsewoman, and brought up at the training stables of Joe Marvis.

JOE MARVIS: A trainer of racehorses at Epsom.

SIR TATTON TOWNLEY: A middle-aged racing baronet, whose horse, King Daffodil, was expected to win the Derby.

B. S. VOGEL: A money king and an unscrupulous owner, whose horse, The Devil, won the great race.

DOLORES ST. MERTON: A fascinating grass widow in the power of Vogel. (She is really a Mrs. Hilary).

ARTHUR MERRICK: A gentleman jockey, who rode King Daffodil in the Derby.

BILLY: A one-eyed stableman devoted to Marvis.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

King Daffodil was on his legs again long before his jockey stirred from the spot where he had been thrown when they had gone over the rails at the treacherous Tattenham Corner.

The colt was quickly caught and held by a dozen eager hands, and Merrick was soon picked up and placed on a hurdle until the ambulance should arrive.

At first all sorts of wild rumours flew through the crowd: "The Derby favourite's leg had been broken and the jockey killed." But the arrival of a doctor told the curious onlookers that Merrick still lived. Indeed, very soon after the race was over and the shouting had subsided Arthur Merrick opened his eyes, sat upright, and looked around him.

He looked at the gaping, gesticulating crowd; he stared at the blue sky overhead and his lips moved dumbly.

"All right, old chap, keep still," said the doctor kindly. "You're all right, don't move; we'll get you out of this in half a minute—your eye's all right."

"Yes, yes," he muttered. "I'm all right. What's happened?"

"Because I do not wish anyone to enter during my absence," was the quiet answer.

This reply somewhat cooled Nellie's curiosity, but she still hoped that chance would enable her, sooner or later, to find out the other's secret.

At last, hearing the door close one evening with no sound of a turning lock, she saw her opportunity. With the utmost care she cautiously turned the handle and entered quickly.

A cry from Winnie, and something she saw there in the room, held the girl transfixed with astonishment.

Winnie Carr stood before her, with wild and angry eyes, and in her arms a baby.

"Winnie!"

"Go away, go away," the other cried. "You have taken a mean advantage of a moment's forgetfulness to force your way in here. It is abominable."

"My dear Winnie, is it yours?"

Winnie locked the door before she replied.

"Yes; it is mine," she said in a low voice. "But if you betray me I am lost."

"I am certain to end my engagement. You know it is a strict rule not to bring children behind the scenes. And I need employment so much just now, not alone for my own sake, but for my child's. My secret must go no further."

"It shall not," the other replied; then, with a sudden understanding in her eyes, she added: "Now I understand why you carry your cloak as if it were a bundle."

"Yes; baby is inside it. He does not take up much room; he is only three months old. I cannot leave him at home."

"But couldn't you have engaged someone to look after him at home?"

"With my salary? It is only possible for me to make both ends meet as it is."

"Is your husband dead?"

"No—he is away, far away in India. It was foolish of our marriage—I regret it now. I loved him, and love is often selfish. I should have refused him—I see that now. But we were married before I had time to realise it. His family cast him off. He had to go with his regiment to India, and keep me and himself upon his pay."

"Until just before baby's birth I heard regularly from him, but since then—not a line. He told me that if at any time I was in need to go to his people—but I can't do that, you know. Oh, Nellie, Nellie, sometimes I fear that he is dead—and at others I am kept up with hope that he is coming back to me, back to me and to our boy."

"But remember," she broke off—"not a word of this to a soul."

Three days later Nellie took her friend apart.

"Winnie, I have not been able to hold my tongue."

"Oh, Nellie, and your promise!"

"Do not scold me. We have been talking of you, and afterwards—" she hesitated—"I decided to start a little subscription. No, no, please don't be offended, you would hurt us all horribly, if you were. I—I am terribly embarrassed—but—but I have been chosen to offer you—what we have subscribed amongst us—it isn't much—but it will enable you to engage a nurse for the darling until your husband comes back, or you hear from him."

"You came a nasty cropper, but you're not badly hurt, and the horse hasn't injured himself either."

Then a gleam of understanding lit Merrick's eyes.

"The horse? King Daffodil!" With a smothered cry of anguish he tried to struggle to his feet.

"Good God, we're racing," he cried wildly, his eyes starting from his head. "We're racing. Let me go, let me get through! . . . They're crowding me on to the rails—let me get through!"

He fell back into the doctor's arms with a groan.

"Give him h'air; don't shove," shouted a dozen voices. "Make way there; 'ere's the hambulance."

Lyndal Maybrick met the sad little procession half-way down the course; with a big effort of self-control she stifled the cry of fear that rose to her lips at the sight of the motionless figure with its white, upturned face on the stretcher.

The bearers tried to prevent her looking closely at their burden, but without speaking a word she insisted.

She touched his face, his hands; a sigh of relief shook her body.

"He is not killed?"

The doctor laid his hand on her arm and laughed kindly, encouragingly.

"Oh, no; I don't think he's badly injured; stunned, that's all. Come, you needn't be frightened."

"Can we take him home—at once?" she whispered.

"I think so—I'll just make quite sure that no bones are broken first."

Just outside the enclosure they met Sir Tatton and Joe Marvis; the doctor whispered something to the former and he led Lyndal away.

"You can do no good, dearie; they can't admit you there. Marvis will see to him. Come home with me to Rose Cottage, that's where you'll be wanted. Come."

She bowed her head and followed Sir Tatton to his carriage, and together they drove back to the little house below the Downs.

The sun still shone in a cloudless sky; the people still shrieked and shouted themselves hoarse; bands

The tears rose to Winnie's eyes. She could not speak, words choked her. She stammered out something that was meant for thanks, but already Nellie had turned her attention to the baby, and, taking possession of him, she carried him triumphantly through the passages.

"I have promised them. Do let me. They would be so pleased."

A general welcome awaited the baby in the green room. The whole company was gathered there. One of the men took the child from Nellie's arms.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "allow me to introduce to your notice the company's adopted baby."

A month later a letter came from the brave little mother. Her husband was coming home—invalided. He had had fever badly, but now he was coming back to his wife—and his son.

His people had relented; the knowledge that there was a boy and future heir to their love and everything else that belonged to them had worked the charm.

## ECHOES AND ANECDOTES.

## When the Top Hat is Not Popular.

"Above all," said a clergyman at the Church meeting at Derby, "never let a clergyman wear a top-hat in a colliery village." The old saying, attributed to colliery villages, of "Allo, 'ere's a stranger; leave 'er a brick at 'im," evidently still applies when the stranger wears a top-hat.

There are a lot of good-looking men in Rhodesia, and most of them make bread, darn their own socks, and cook almost anything; and the majority of them are as happy-go-lucky and casual as children.—From "A Lady's First Impressions of South Africa," in the "Empire Review."

## To Popularise the Scold's Bride.

A bank might become as much part of a woman's attire as a corset. Women will gladly wear steel which forbid freedom of movement, and boots which prevent comfortable walking; to ask them to sacrifice freedom of speech for the sake of a pretty and jeweled bride is not an extravagant demand.—"English Illustrated Magazine."

He was tall, she was short, and they were returning from a revival meeting. So solemn as that gathering had been, he could not refrain from telling his love. "No," she said, "the man I marry must be only a little lower than the angels." He promptly fell on his knees. She yielded.

## The Farmer Scored.

The story of the bull which charged the motor-car the other day with disastrous results to itself is very different from another bull incident just reported. An irascible old farmer was very much annoyed at some men who started to erect telegraph poles in his field, and replied to his outbursts by producing a paper which they said allowed them to put up poles where they thought fit. The old man had a remedy for that sort of thing. He promptly turned a large bull into the field. The savage beast made a bee-line for the intruders at once. As they fled they were greeted with shouts of "Show him the paper—show him the paper."

played, organs grinded, horns hoisted, and cars shrieked defiance at carriages and pedestrians.

But the sounds barely reached Rose Cottage; they only came in waves like the echo of distant thunder. In the gardens the birds sang happily and fearlessly; the bees danced lazily, and great painted ladies flitted from bud to blossom of Marvis's favourite flowers.

Underneath the big tree in the centre of the lawn the tea-things were already spread, and the white cloth fluttered in the breeze, and the silver sparkled in the sunlight. A flag waved from the house-top, and in the cool of the hall a great laurel wreath lay ready to be placed over the hero's box, over King Daffodil's stable door.

Lyndal shut her eyes and shuddered as these things met her eyes, as the dumb, lifeless things of life grinned and waved a cruel, sarcastic welcome home.

Thus I entered—and thus I go!

In triumphs people have dropped down dead!

She repeated Browning's words aloud, and then laughed.

Sir Tatton put his arm around her. "Be up, Lyn dear; bear up, little girl. It's the fortune of war!"

"The fortune of war," she echoed dully; "the fortune of war! If he is killed!"

"No, no. The doctor was certain that there were no serious injuries. Come, be the brave Lyndal I've always known," he cried as he helped her into the dining-room. "There's work to be done—you must see his room is ready, prepare anything you may think the doctor will require—"

He broke off suddenly, and turned away.

He was not so strong as he had thought!

Out yonder among the crowd, upon the race-course with his friends, he could be brave and face defeat, disappointment, and the death of his dearest horse, even of his dearest friends, with a calm set face and manly resignation. But here, in the quiet house alone with Lyndal Maybrick, here where his hopes had been given birth, here where they had

(Continued on page 11.)

## TRIUMPHS OF ANTIPON.

Time after time the following letter has been quoted in the Press as authentic testimony to the marvellous efficacy of the great permanent cure for corpulence—Antipon; but it is always worth quoting again because it covers the whole ground as regards the various beneficial effects produced by Antipon, as fat-absorbent, as tonic, as restorer of strength and vitality, as appetiser, etc. Needless to say that the original of this interesting letter is carefully preserved, amongst hundreds of other grateful letters from all parts of the world, at the offices of the Antipon Company. Anyone may see it. The writer is an Anglo-Indian lady:—

"Please send me a larger bottle of Antipon. When I started taking Antipon I was 240lb. in weight, and the reduction is great (61lb.), for I am now only 184lb. I can now take four-mile walks with ease. Another recommendation is its power of reducing gracefully, for my skin is quite tightened. My heart (which is diseased) is stronger, and its beating healthier; besides, I have an excellent appetite, and have now no fear of eating anything, and I have never restricted myself in any form of diet."

In these few words it is hardly possible to say more for the wonderful properties of Antipon. It will suffice to add that the reduction effected begins with the very first dose; for within a day and a night of commencing the Antipon treatment there is a decrease which varies between 8oz. and 3lb., according to individual circumstances—age, severity of case, long neglect, constitutional tendency, and so on. But there is always a reduction—reliable, steady, consistent—day by day, until the re-attainment of normal weight and proportions. The decrease is admirably proportioned over the entire body. With the renewal of these satisfactory dimensions the treatment may cease, because it will be found that the deplorable tendency to put on flesh abnormally has been radically destroyed.

Antipon tones up the entire system, perfects the digestive process, and increases appetite. It wants no other assistance than plenty of good nourishing food. There are no irksome limitations or restrictions; not are any exhausting exercises or sweating required. After a course of this simple, easy, pleasant, and harmless treatment, the subject is restored to robust health as well as to elegant proportions.

Antipon, a liquid, refreshing tonic fat-absorbent, is purely vegetable in composition; is neither laxative nor the opposite, and is in every respect a perfect private treatment for the radical cure of obesity.

## PRESS AND PUBLIC SPEAK IN HIGH TERMS OF "ANTIPON."

"Illustrated London News":—"Antipon not only speedily absorbs and throws out of the system all superabundant adipose matter, but increases strength and vitality."

"Please dispatch 'urgent' another parcel. It is most successful. I should like to draw your attention to a curious fact. For some months I have been suffering from Eczema; it has been slowly healing ever since the first week, and now every place is as healthy as a child's skin."

(Mrs.) "G. D.—"

"The Lady's Pictorial":—"To reduce superabundant fat is of vital importance. The wonderful fat-absorbent Antipon performs this work promptly, safely, and with permanent effect. It goes to the very root of the evil; the cure is complete and permanent."

"Sheffield Independent":—"Antipon bids fair to revolutionise medical science as far as the cure of corpulence is concerned."

A Sheffield Trained Nurse writes:—"I have used Antipon in the case of the very fattest woman I have ever nursed. The result has been marvellous. She is getting smaller and beautifully less every day, and the best of it is she is in perfect health now, where before she had all sorts of troubles."

"The Sketch":—"This pleasant, rational, and most efficacious remedy may be warmly recommended to stout persons of both sexes, as much for health's sake as for the attainment of perfect elegance of figure."

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc.; or, should any difficulty arise, may be had (on sending amount) post free, in plain package, direct from the Sole Manufacturers, The Antipon Co., 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.



## THIRD IN THE ATLANTIC YACHT RACE.



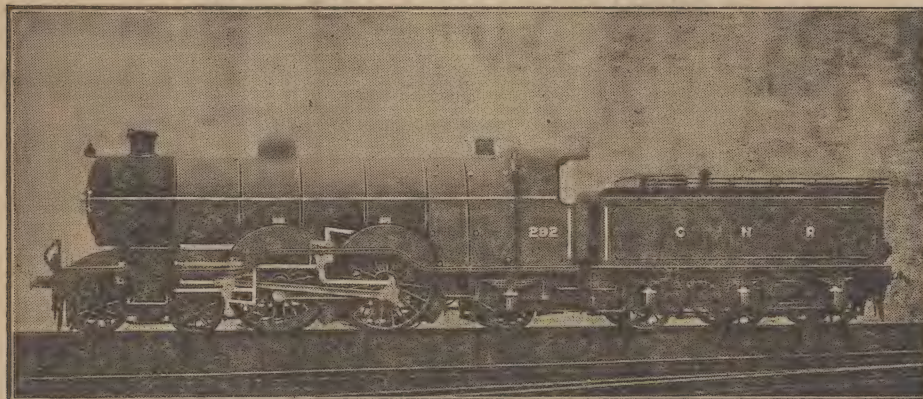
An English boat, the Valhalla, owned by the Earl of Crawford, gained third place in the great ocean yacht race. The photograph was taken as the Valhalla passed the Lizard, and her men may be seen cheering at the news of Togo's victory.

## PLUCKY POLICEMAN.



P.C. Gunner, of the Bridewell Division, who jumped into the Thames from Blackfriars Bridge in an attempt to save a drowning man.

## NEW MONSTER LOCOMOTIVE FOR THE G.N.R.



The first four-cylinder compound locomotive built for the Great Northern Railway. It is intended to work the heaviest East Coast Scotch expresses. The engine and tender in working order weigh no less than 105 tons.

## LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 10.)

been fed and nurtured, here in Arthur's home, his colt's home—here it was different. And the silence was so cruel!

"Come, dearie, come, be brave," he faltered. "They'll soon be here—you must be ready in case—anything is wanted."

Lyndal rose then and pulled herself together; her eyes were free from tears—she suffered too keenly for those sweet softeners of sorrow to appear as yet—and she put her arms around the old man's neck and laid her cheek against his.

"Forgive my selfishness," she said. "I am ashamed—it is you who want comfort—you—"

She could say no more: the vocabulary of the heart is very small. Sir Tatton put her gently from him.

"I'll go now—and prepare," she whispered, stealing quietly from the room.

She mounted the stairs to Arthur's bedroom and prepared the bed, saw that there was plenty of hot and cold water and linen and bandages. On the dressing-table were two great bowls of roses—she had placed them there before leaving for the races—and a little box wrapped in white paper.

She picked that up and put it in her pocket. It contained a little souvenir—"In memory of King Daffodil's Derby."

In memory of King Daffodil's Derby!

Fate had supplied a better, a more lasting souvenir of the great race! There was no chance of King Daffodil's Derby ever being forgotten at Rose Cottage.

The scrunching of carriage wheels on the drive helped Lyndal to action again.

They had brought him home.

But not flushed with success; not gladly, proudly, joyously, as in her dreams for the last six nights she had seen this return from the Derby; but silent, inert, mangled—perhaps lifeless!

She was at the door as they lifted him from the carriage, and her heart beat faster as she saw that

his eyes were open—that he no longer lay on his back, but that he could stand.

"Leave me alone," he moaned. "I'm all right—I can stand."

But Marvis held him firmly round the waist.

"Don't be a fool, lad. Come up to your room—straight!"

He passed Lyndal without looking at her—his eyes were fixed straight ahead of him, staring intently at nothing. His shoulder and head were swathed in bandages.

The doctor took Lyndal aside.

"Not hurt at all," he whispered encouragingly. "A nasty cut or two, badly jarred and shaken, but I'm pretty certain in a day or two he'll be quite fit again. He must just lie still and rest. That's the only medicine for him—rest. I fear the loss of the race and the accident may produce a great shock. You must try and soften the blow; the only danger is to his brain—but I think you will be able to do all that is necessary. I leave him in your hands."

Lyndal nodded.

"I understand—if he had been severely injured it might have been better—I understand."

"Don't let him think; don't let him talk about the race or the accident."

"I'll do my best."

As soon as the doctor had gone she entered Arthur's room again; he was lying on his back on the bed, staring at the ceiling; Marvis stood by his side, talking to him, but he paid no attention. He looked almost as if he were in a trance, sleeping with his eyes open.

Lyndal advanced to the bedside and tried to speak his name, but only an inaudible whisper left her lips. Marvis laid his hand on her shoulder, she felt how it shook.

"Look after him, Lyn," he whispered. "Give him some words of comfort, dear." He moved away. "I'll go to King Daffodil—I'll try and comfort him."

But Lyndal did not reply, and Marvis walked from the room with slow, heavy steps, stumbling like an old man—a man suddenly aged. He closed the door, and Lyndal and Merrick were alone together.

The bedroom window was wide open, and ever and again that subdued, distant peal of human thunder came on the breeze, rising above the song of the birds. Lyndal shut the sounds out and drew the curtain across; then she stood at the head of the bed and gently spoke Arthur's name.

But he did not hear her, or, if he heard her, he made no sign.

Perhaps he was thinking of Dolores, perhaps he wanted her in this his hour of pain and disappointment.

Lyndal felt for the moment like an intruder. It was the other woman, the woman he loved, who had the power—and the right—to nurse and comfort him. Then she remembered their old, old friendship and the compact of youth, and then dismissed all thoughts of love and thought only of Arthur Merrick as a comrade in distress.

From her own room she fetched eau-de-Cologne, soft handkerchiefs, and a fan, and sprinkled his forehead and gently fanned him, and as she did so she opened a book of Browning and began to read him.

She read very quietly, almost in a whisper, opening the book at hazard and choosing the first poem her eyes lighted on. Her voice was a peculiarly sensitive one, a voice that in itself was pleasing, soothing, comforting.

And she read, not that Merrick might listen or understand what she read, but that the words strung to music and her voice tuned to pity—and love—would silence the voices that she knew were tearing through his brain and heart, and would perhaps send him to sleep. She wanted to distract his thoughts, take them away from him, or change them.

"I will be quiet and talk with you, And reason why you are wrong."

It was strange hitting on that poem!

"You wanted my love—is that much true?"

And so I did, love, so I do;

What has come of it all along?"

Her voice became a trifle unsteady, and she

(Continued on page 13.)

## STOMACH TORTURES

RACKING HEADACHES,  
PAINS AFTER  
EATING,

CURED AND KEPT CURED

BY

**MOTHER SEIGEL'S  
SYRUP.**

"I had been almost a life-long sufferer from indigestion when Mother Seigel's Syrup and Pills restored me to health."

"In my case the ailment took the form of violent pains across the body and a great load or pressure on the chest."

"I had often a sick bilious feeling, while the headaches I endured were past my power to describe."

"I had no appetite and the pain after food made me afraid to eat. I also suffered much from constipation."

"Nothing brought any real relief until I got Mother Seigel's Syrup."

"I felt better after a few doses, and resolved to try the Pills also."

"Their action was unlike any other medicine I had ever taken—they were gentle yet effective and drove all impurities out of my system."

"The Syrup and Pills soon restored me to sound health, and since then, by taking an occasional dose of your excellent medicines, I have continued in good health." Mrs. Alice Oliver, 80, Brettenham Road, Lloyd's Park, Walthamstow, Essex, April 11th, 1905.

Price: 1/1½ & 2/6 bottle.

To H.M. the King.

**BUCHANAN'S**  
"SPECIAL"  
(RED SEAL)

**SCOTCH WHISKY**

To H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

*Irresistibly Delicious!*

**PETER'S**  
SWISS  
**MILK-CHOCOLATE**

UNRIVALED FOR DELICACY OF FLAVOUR  
AND SUSTAINING QUALITIES.

"Admirably adapted to the wants of  
Infants and Young Persons."  
SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.

**Nestle's**  
**Food**

"Very carefully prepared and highly  
nutritious." LANCET

"Equally suitable to Invalids and Old  
People." MEDICAL MAGAZINE.







# TOILETTE IN WHICH THE FUTURE GERMAN CROWN PRINCESS MAKES HER ENTRY INTO BERLIN.

## A SUMPTUOUS ROBE.

### STATE TOILETTE FOR THE GRAND DUCHESS CECILIE.

The future Crown Princess of Prussia has a very stately dress for her entrance as a bride-to-be into the capital of the Empire. In colour it is a soft rose-pink, her favourite hue, and one she has ordered again and again for her trousseau. It is difficult to decide whether pink or pale blue predominates in the lovely dresses she possesses. Blue, the Emperor's first choice certainly figures frequently, but pink is almost as prevalent.

The state gown shown on this page is the one for the entrance into Berlin, into which city she is to drive with her fiancé, who will previously have met her. Fashioned of pink silk and chiffon, it is beautifully decorated with sprays of roses arranged in appliqué and very exquisitely embroidered. It was made in Paris, where numbers of other gowns were built, much, it is asserted, to the annoyance of the German people and the bride's future Imperial father-in-law.

#### Square Decollete.

The dress is cut low and with rather a square decollete, and the sleeves, though pronounced, are not abnormally large, for it is a well-known fact that the Crown Prince does not admire huge puffs on the shoulders. The gown is very handsomely trained, though not with so long a one as many that will be worn by the bride. Trains with rounded corners prevail when they are made separate from the dress, like that of a Court robe.

A very lovely gown that will be worn before the marriage on Tuesday, at a state dinner in Berlin, is a snow-white one of tulle, cut low, and delicately trimmed with lace. The Grand Duchess has a particularly pretty neck and shoulders, and so looks specially well in evening attire.

## THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

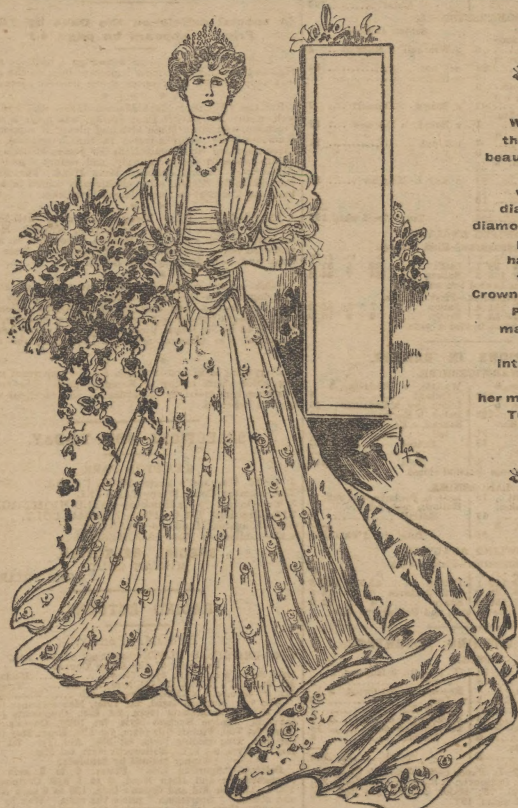
### PRIZES AND HONOURABLE MENTIONS FOR LAST WEEK'S HOBBY-HORSE.

The prizes for the children's competition of last week are awarded as follows:—

The first of 5s. goes to Laura Winteringham, 45, Billing-road, Northampton, who has pieced together a very fine hobby-horse; the second of 2s. 6d. is awarded to Rita Samson, 19, Gascony-avenue, Kilburn, N.W.; the third, also of 2s. 6d., goes to Raymond Cobb, 2, Tuam-road, Plumstead, while the fourth is won by Maude May, 2, Providence-place, River-street, Windsor.

Honourable mentions are given to Bernard Wild, 1, 163, London-road, Alverton, Derby; Harold A. Heaps, 17, Littledeale-road, Seacombe, Cheshire;

Albert Ford, 104 Block, Peabody-buildings, Farringdon-road, London, E.C.; Marie Bell, 9, Belmont-road, Harrogate, Yorks; George Edward Hellmann, 161, Finborough-road, Earl's Court, without his favourite tart. Contributors should send in their coloured drawings by the first post on Thursday morning, June 8, addressed to the Children's Corner, *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-



Wearing the above beautiful state robe, with a diadem of diamonds on her pretty hair, the future Crown Princess of Prussia makes her entry into Berlin for her marriage on Tuesday next.

S.W.; Florrie Weeden, 67, Athelcote-road, Earlsfield, S.W.; M. Olivia Burgess, The Ridge, Chipping Sudbury, and Ada Warren, 89, Senegal-road, South Bermondsey.

The same number and value of prizes are offered next week for the best painting of the picture shown on this page, which depicts the King of Hearts

street, London, E.C. There is no more room to say any more this week, because of the forthcoming royal wedding in Berlin, so forgive a short line from DERRY-DOWN-DERRY.

## LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 11.)

stopped. Fate was playing another trick, perhaps, opening the book at these lines. Merrick moved; she felt his eyes leave vacancy and fix themselves inquiringly on her face.

Did he think her mad? Was he going to ask her to go away and leave him in peace, to leave him alone with failure, disappointment, disgrace?

She continued at random:—

"Well, and if none of these good things came, What did the failure prove?"

The man was my whole world, all the same, With his flowers to praise, or his weeds to blame, And either or both, to love.

He stirred again and raised himself slightly.

"Is that you, Lyn?"

"Yes, dear. Hush—you mustn't talk, you must sleep. Listen, while I read."

"I can't listen," he cried. "I can't hear you."

I can only hear the awful thud of those horses' hoofs. Listen. Don't you hear—they're catching me up—shoving me over the rails—that was the first suggestion—an accident!—it was the devil too—the devil in his most fascinating disguise, a woman—What am I saying, Lyn? Don't let me talk, for God's sake, don't let me talk."

"No, dear, you mustn't talk, you shall not. There, lie back so—is that cooler—hush. Now listen to my voice, you'll remember the old song, close your eyes, Arthur, and listen—"

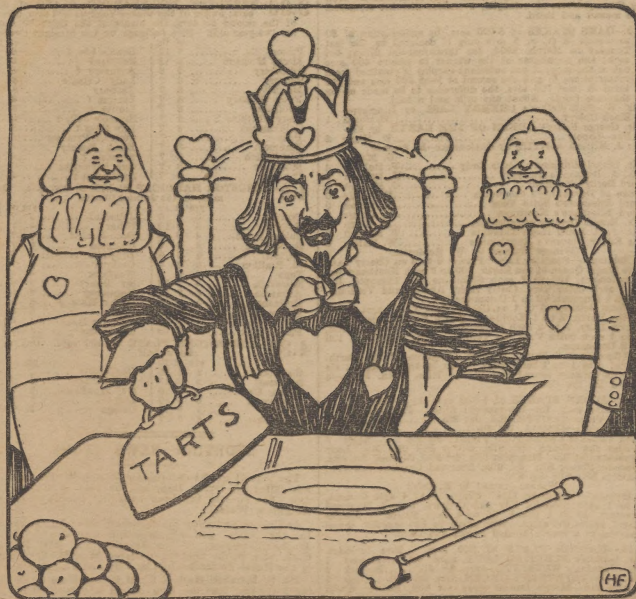
"Yes, I'm listening," he whispered. "I'm listening. Hark, you hear them too, they are shouting his name, my name. The King has won, I've won, honour has won, and the devil—the devil—Lyndal, don't believe them when they tell you that I—that I—"

He started up in his bed and held out his arms and shrieked aloud—

"Don't let me talk, Lyn—don't let me speak. For God's sake don't let me speak—or I shall tell you—and you won't believe—you'll hate me—you'll all hate me—and she—she'll be ruined too; Dolores."

His words rattled in his throat as he fell back senseless into Lyndal Maybrick's arms.

(To be continued.)



Here you see the King of Hearts, looking just what he feels, namely, particularly cross, because there are no tarts in the dish before him, when he expected there would be. Read the announcement in the "Children's Corner."



Acts gently, pleasantly, and beneficially on the Kidneys, Liver, and Bowels, and permanently overcomes habitual constipation.

Of all Chemists, 1/4 and 1/8. California Fig Syrup Co., 32, Snow Hill, London.





DULL BILLIARDS.



## SKIN HEALTH AND SKIN BEAUTY.

It is a curious thing that people take so little trouble about their skin. They neglect it, and though they may perhaps notice it is red, rough, and coarse-looking, they still refuse to give proper attention to the matter. Then at last, when it is practically ruined, they rush off to some quack or so-called beauty specialist, who can do little or nothing to counteract the effects of years of neglect. All trouble, discomfort, and disfigurement might be easily prevented by the adoption of the right treatment at the right time.

### NOTICE THE FIRST SIGNS.

There would not be a fraction of the illness there is in this world if people always carefully noted the very first signs of ill-health and then applied a remedy. Consumption is curable if taken at the very first stage, and hundreds of other very serious illnesses may be prevented in the same way. Let us suppose for a moment that you are troubled with unpleasant irritation of the skin, or some breaking out, roughness, redness, or chafing of the skin, either on your face, chest, arms, or some other portion of your body. If so, secure a supply immediately of "Antexema," and the moment it is applied any existing irritation will cease and you will be on the road to being cured.



### KEEP YOUR SKIN HEALTHY.

If your skin is very delicate, sensitive, easily broken, specially liable to chaps and roughness, or if it looks coarse, red, rough, or neglected looking, it is well to remember that that is the usual starting point of eczema. If you apply "Antexema" immediately you observe this appearance you will soon get it right again, and avoid risks of eczema, a most annoying and unpleasant trouble. Many people, too, suffer from acid perspiration, or from their scalp or outer skin being unhealthy, and this, too, should receive attention. Insect bites, too, are prevalent at this period of the year, and athletics—cycling, rowing, cricket, or other sports—frequently give rise to chafed skin or blisters. "Antexema" is the thing for you. Children frequently get their skin irritated owing to the soda not being properly removed from their underclothing. "Antexema" stops the irritation and removes any rash caused in this way.

### A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY.

"Antexema" should be in every home, and it will surprise you to find how often you require it and how uniformly successful it is when used. It is far better in every way than cold cream and other such preparations, which merely cool and soothe without exerting any curative influence.



It is non-poisonous, it hardly shows on the surface of the skin after it is applied, it quickly heals and cures, and is just as good for babies as for adults, and you would be amazed if you could see the tens of thousands of letters that reach the "Antexema" Company, telling the almost miraculous cures "Antexema" has worked, and making various inquiries.

### WRITE FOR OUR FAMILY HANDBOOK.

The interest excited by the various articles that have appeared in this paper has been so remarkable, and the desire for further information so great, that it has induced us once again to repeat our special offer, which we advise you to accept at once. Our family handbook on "Skin Troubles" treats the matter in a scientific and yet perfectly simple way, and should be in the hands both of parents and of everyone who values a healthy skin. You should certainly send for it. It tells you all about the nature and varieties of skin trouble, their cause, their proper treatment, cure, the diet you should adopt, and many other important facts.

### OUR SPECIAL OFFER.

"Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists and Stores at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d., or direct, post free, in plain wrapper for 1s. 8d. We have told you about our family handbook on "Skin Troubles," and we offer you a copy, together with a free trial of "Antexema," if you mention the *Daily Mirror*; enclose three penny stamps for postage and packing, and write to "Antexema," 83, Castle-road, London, N.W. You had better write at once,

# Quaker Oats Fruit Porridge

Summer health and happiness, temper and temperament depend upon proper warm-weather food.

Quaker Oats makes many a delicious summer treat—simple and satisfying, tempting and nutritious. That is why housewives fancy it.

An easy-to-make and pleasing summer dish is

## Quaker Oats Fruit Porridge

which looks good and tastes better. Best of all, it is healthful.

To make Quaker Oats Fruit Porridge, mix sliced oranges, bananas, strawberries, or other fruit, with the porridge; then pour into moistened moulds, and allow to cool. Serve next morning with milk or cream and sugar.

Some other morning you might try

## Quaker Oats with Apples

always remembering that any kind of fresh or baked fruit may be used in the same way as apples.

To prepare Quaker Oats with Apples, core an apple for each dish of Quaker Oats porridge; peel, and fill the centre with sugar and a little cinnamon; then bake the apples. When ready, place an apple in the centre of each individual saucer of porridge, and serve with milk or cream and sugar.

Quaker Oats, Ltd., Finsbury Sq., London, E.C.



## Fair Faces

Fair faces, like flowers, gladden the whole world. Nothing can so well ensure a clear, spotless complexion as pure blood; nothing can impart such a blush-rose bloom as a brisk circulation; nothing can make the eyes so bright, the hair so glossy, the steps so elastic, as a nervous system that fails in none of its intricate and important functions. Why are so many women hysterical, fretful, headachy, depressed, tired, worn-looking, and worn-looking.

How can such be beautiful, whatever their natural charm may be?

**BEECHAM'S PILLS**, taken at proper times and in proper doses, have done more to make the women of to-day really beautiful than all the cosmetics ever invented. Under the influence of **BEECHAM'S PILLS** they will exhibit a freshness, a bloom, a fullness of charm such as no other means can bring about; and so well is this "open secret" understood by some of the most sparkling beauties of the day, that the first thing they fly to, at the earliest symptoms of pallor or pimples, is the ever-ready box of

# BEECHAM'S PILLS

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

**CANAGE**

THE 2<sup>nd</sup> SPEED

**TRUMP CARD**

**£7.10** WITH TWO SPEED HUB

**DEATS ANYTHING** AND EVERYTHING IN THE MARKET AT THE SAME PRICE. **£5.10** FREE WHEEL TWO BRAKES

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Bells		Handles
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BACK CARRIERS. REPAIR OUTFITS. A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd., HOLBORN, E.C.

## DEEP BREATHING LENGTHENS LIFE

Read about a Wonderful Little Instrument that greatly increases your lung capacity and enables you to breathe strongly and deeply without exertion.

The Breathing Tube is a marvellous little instrument that quickly teaches the True Science of Breathing. Very many people who are suffering from lung complaint and general impaired vitality, and through improper breathing suffer from lung and throat complaint and general impaired vitality. Deep breathing kills disease and promotes long life. The body lives on oxygen; the more oxygen absorbed the healthier the body. The Breathing Tube (which is small, portable, and can be carried in the pocket), exercises the lungs to their fullest extent. This means the absorption of pure oxygen, the great source of vitality. Regular exercises with the instrument rapidly increases the chest measurement two to four inches. Buy a Breathing Tube, and in a very short time you will be a different being, feeling stronger, healthier, more cheerful, and more energetic.

Price 2s. 6d. post free. P.O.'s to be crossed, and made payable to "The Breathing Co."

STRICTLY PACKED.

The BREATHING CO., 687, Fulham Road, S.W.

**A GOOD CYCLE**

Is a safe investment. It yields health and pleasure, saves time and money. Buy it must be Good. Switzer, Dodge, Whitehead, Triumph, Coventry, Changer, Containe, Examiner, Singers, Rovers, Humbers.

**ALL THE BEST COVENTRY MAKES.**

**£4:15:0**

On Approval 3 years' Warranty. Easy payments per month. 5/- month. Fair and equitable terms. No collectors employed. Every transaction strictly private. Lowest prices in the trade.

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The World's Largest Cycle Dealer, COVENTRY.

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